

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

Brief Index to the present Number:—Reviews: Cradock's Literary and Miscellaneous Memoirs, 17; England enslaved by her own Slave Colonies, 18; J. P. Thomas's Thought-Book, 19; 'The Reign of Terror,' 20; The Philomathic Journal on Fairs, 23; Mrs. Baubault's Legacy for Young Ladies, 24; Janus, Daniel Cathie, Tobaccoist, 25; Napoleon, 26; The Duties of a Lady's Maid, 27.—Rambles of Asmodeus, No. xxxii, 28; Moustache, 29.—Original Poetry: Farewell to Scotland, 30; Anacreontic to Bacchus, 30.—The Drama: King's Theatre, 30; Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres, 31.—Literature and Science, 31.—The Bee, 31.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Literary and Miscellaneous Memoirs. By J. CRADOCK, Esq., M. A., F. S. A. 8vo. pp. 294. London, 1826.

NUMEROUS as the volumes of Reminiscences, Recollections, and Autobiography, are, we have not met with one so interesting as the work before us. The amiable author, who is now in his 85th year, and may be said to have outlived three generations, possesses the vivacity of youth without its carelessness; and the matured judgment of age and experience. The contemporary and personal friend of Dr Johnson, Goldsmith, Foote, Garrick, and other eminent men of that age, he recollects and relates many extremely interesting anecdotes, illustrative of their respective characters, and thus makes—certainly not forgotten men, but an age that has long past, live again. Qualified by education, birth, and fortune, for any society, he appears to have been on terms of intimacy with most of the eminent men of their respective times, during a period of more than half a century, and his recollections of them, valuable in themselves, possess a new charm from the very pleasing style in which they are narrated.

Of the literary talents of Mr. Cradock, we some time ago had occasion to speak when we reviewed his tragedy of the Czar, which was published when he was in his *eighty-third* year, a circumstance which may be considered a phenomenon in the history of the drama. The present work, which is partly biographical, literary, and critical, is dedicated, by permission, to his Majesty; it is not, we believe, printed for sale, but Mr Cradock will wrong himself and the public, if he does not allow the latter to share, as freely as possible, in the gratification which we are certain it must confer.

This volume, which is in some degree, autobiographical, yet betrays none of that egotism or conceit which distinguishes works of that class generally; and although the author, at different times, made some notes of his life, yet they did not, like those of Samuel Pepys, relate to what coloured coat or inexpressibles he wore. As the volume has reached us somewhat late in the week, we shall not enter much into the biographical part. Mr. Cradock is a Leicestershire gentleman, and was born in that county on the 9th of January, 1741-2. He principally resided on his estate there, and served the office of high sheriff for the county; he frequently, however, spent a season in town, and sometimes travelled on the continent. His mansion, at Gumley Hall, seems to have been the seat of hospitality, where many gentlemen of rank and literary

talents were visitors. With these remarks we shall, for the present, merely quote a few of the many delightful anecdotes that are scattered over these Literary and Miscellaneous Memoirs, the authenticity of which are most unquestionable. Mr. Cradock was a member of many of the clubs of the day, and very social agreeable places they must have been, when attended by such persons as he associated with. Among others, he went to a theatrical club, held at Wright's Coffee House, York Street, Covent Garden. One evening, Mr. C. says:—

'Mr. Howard was of our party, and when he hinted something about printing a second edition of his Thoughts and Maxims, Foote replied directly, with a sneer, "Right, sir, Second Thoughts are often best;"—but when a gentleman, with whom he was more intimate, only quoted in jest some trifling circumstance about a game-leg, Foote maliciously replied, "Pray, sir, make no allusion to my weakest part; did I ever attack your head?"

'Foote, at times, spared neither friend nor foe. He had little regard for the feelings of others; if he thought of a witty thing that would create laughter, he said it. He had never availed himself of the good advice given by Henry the Fifth to Falstaff, "Reply not to me with a fool-born jest;" and of this I can give one notable example. If Foote ever had a serious regard for any one, it was for Holland, yet at his death, or rather indeed after his funeral, he violated all decency concerning him. Holland was the son of a baker at Hampton, and on the stage was a close imitator of Garrick, who had such a respect for him, that he played the ghost to his Hamlet merely to serve him at his benefit. Holland died rather young, and Foote attended as one of the mourners. He was really grieved; and the friend from whom I had the account, declared that his eyes were swollen with tears; yet when the gentleman said to him afterwards, "So, Foote, you have just attended the funeral of our dear friend Holland;" Foote instantly replied, "Yes, we have just shoved the little baker into his oven."

'Another anecdote or two of this extraordinary man, may not be unacceptable. Foote, by accident, met an inferior person in the street, very like Dr. Arne, who, to be sure, when full dressed, was sometimes rather a grotesque figure, and he contrived, I believe, not only to obtain some old clothes of the doctor's, but likewise one of his cast-off wigs, and introduced the man on the stage to bring in music books, as an attendant on the commissary. The house was all astonishment, and many began even to doubt of the abso-

lute identity. The doctor, of course, was most horribly annoyed; but Foote put money into his pocket, which was all he cared for. Soon after, he proceeded so far as to order wooden figures to be made for a puppet-show, of which Dr. Johnson and Dr. Goldsmith were to be the leading characters. Goldsmith affected to laugh, though he seriously alluded to the circumstance in a letter to me, which will be hereafter annexed; but the great Leviathan of literature was so much incensed at the report, as to purchase an immense oak cudgel, which he carried with him to Tom Davies's shop, and being there asked for what purpose that was intended, he sternly replied, "For the castigation of vice upon the stage." This being immediately conveyed, as it was meant to be, Foote, I believe, was really intimidated, and the scheme, as to them, was given up.

In noticing the rumours about Junius's Letters at the time they were published, Mr. Cradock says,—

'It was then asserted, that as the style of those celebrated letters was uniform, one person only could be concerned in writing them. To which a wit at that time replied, "Not one, but legion, for there are many."—Many, I am sure, largely contributed to load the gun, though one only might draw the trigger.'

Mr. Cradock says Steevens was the most indefatigable man he ever met with:—

'He would absolutely set out from his house at Hampstead, with the patrol, and walk to London before daylight, call up his barber in Devereux Court, at whose house he dressed, and when fully accoutred for the day, generally resorted to his friend Hamilton's, the well-known editor and printer of the Critical Review.'

Of the rudeness of Lord Thurlow and Dr. Johnson, many anecdotes have been published. Our venerable chronicler palliates that of the former, by observing, that he was more cautious of speaking offensively amongst inferiors than in company of the great:—

'Dr. Johnson was pleased to say, "that he must always think, before he replied to the lord chancellor; and, I believe, they had a mutual respect for each other; but I was always more afraid of Johnson than Thurlow; for though the latter sometimes was very rough and coarse, yet the decisive stroke of the former left a mortal wound behind it; and with all my veneration for the memory of the great moralist (which I shall ever retain), yet I must freely own, that I cannot recollect any answer of Thurlow's half so rude as one of Johnson's to a gentleman in the very porch of Litchfield Cathedral. He might, perhaps, be too ambitious

to be thought an acquaintance of the great Literary Oracle, but he meant no offence, and only ventured to say, "Dr. Johnson, we have had a most excellent discourse to-day;" to which he instantly replied, "That may be, sir, but it is impossible for you to know it." A rough reply from Thurlow would have perished on the spot, but this keen cutting retort of Johnson was immediately circulated through half the city.

Of Lord Thurlow we have an amusing anecdote:—

'Soon after Mr. Thurlow was made lord chancellor, he addressed his brother in the following words: "Tom, there is to be a drawing-room on Thursday, where I am obliged to attend, and as I have purchased Lord Bathurst's coach, but have no leisure to give orders about the necessary alterations, do you see and get all ready for me." The bishop, always anxious to obey the "sic volo, sic jubeo," of his brother, immediately bestirred himself, and every thing was considered as completed in due time; but when the carriage came to the door, the bishop found that Lord Bathurst's arms had never been altered, and knowing his brother's hasty temper, he happily hit immediately on the only expedient to prevent a storm: the door was held open till the lord chancellor arrived, and as soon as he was seated, and had fully examined the interior, he stretched out his hand, and most kindly exclaimed, "Brother, the whole is finished entirely to my satisfaction, and I thank you." The same expedient, as to the door, was resorted to again at his return from St. James's, and of course no time was lost to remedy all defects.'

From the situation Mr. Cradock held, as high sheriff himself, and sometimes officiating in that office for his friends, he knew most of the judges of the period, and he relates many curious anecdotes of them; one must suffice at present.

'Lord Chief Justice Wilmot gave to a party of us one evening a curious account of an innkeeper at Warwick, whom he had tried for having poisoned some of his customers with his Port wine, by which they had narrowly escaped with their lives; and that the indictment was quashed by the impudence of the fellow, who absolutely proved that there had never been a drop of real Port wine in the hogshead.'

At the Literary Club Mr. Cradock was a frequent attendant; and no wonder, for there was attractive metal enough. On one occasion, when Mr. Cradock was sitting next to Mr. Burke,—

'One of the party near us remarked, that there was an offensive smell in the room, and thought it must proceed from some dog that was under the table; but Mr. Burke, with a smile, turned to me, and said, "I rather fear it is from the beef-steak pie that is opposite to us, the crust of which is made with some very bad butter, that comes from my country." Just at that moment, Dr. Johnson sent his plate for some of it, and Burke helped him to very little, which he soon despatched, and returned his plate for more; Burke, without thought, exclaimed, "I am

glad that you are able so well to relish this beef-steak pie." Johnson, not at all pleased that what he eat should ever be noticed, immediately retorted, "There is a time of life, sir, when a man requires the repairs of a table."'

Every person has heard of Dr. Johnson knocking down a bookseller; but the following extempore on the subject has not extended beyond a private circulation:—

'When Johnson, with tremendous step, and slow,

Fully determined, deigns to fell the foe;
E'en the earth trembles, thunders roll around,
And mighty Osborne's self lies levell'd with the ground.'

Here we close; but shall return to Mr. Cradock and his volume in our next.

England enslaved by her own Slave Colonies. An Address to the Electors and People of the United Kingdom. By JAMES STEPHEN, ESQ. 8vo. pp. 91. London, 1826.

WHATEVER may be said of the power of ministers or the omnipotence of Parliament, there are some things 'aboon their might,' as Burns says—of the making an honest man by the king. One or two instances will suffice to prove this. On the subject of the corn laws, the government is constantly defeated in Parliament by the interest of the land-owners, the consequence of which is, that his Majesty's liege subjects are compelled to eat bread at two or three times the price at which it might otherwise be obtained. So much for the influence of ministers in Parliament. We will now see what they can do when they are united, instead of being opposed to each other, as in the case of the corn laws; we allude to the state of slaves in our colonies. It is nearly three years since ministers, wishing to ameliorate the condition of slavery, came forward with propositions to Parliament for that purpose. The resolutions moved by Mr. Secretary Canning were unanimously agreed to, and instructions founded upon them were sent to the colonies; but, with one or two exceptions, they have remained a dead letter. In those colonies where there are local legislatures, the recommendations of the British government and British Parliament have either been neglected or spurned with insult, while in others, subject to the legislative power of his Majesty, they have been evaded or delayed; the colonies of Tobago, Demarara, and Essequibo, are exceptions; the first of these tendered a willing acquiescence in the humane views of our ministers; and we have, within a few hours of writing this notice, seen with pleasure, in the newspapers, an 'ordinance for the religious instruction of slaves in the colonies of Demarara and Essequibo, and for the improvement of their condition,' passed by the Assembly held at the Colony House, in George Town, Demarara.

By this humane ordinance, all work in the colonies by the slaves, on the Sunday, ceases to be obligatory; the whip, that instrument of torture in the hands of men destitute of humanity, is no longer to be borne by the overseers, either as a badge of authority or as a stimulus to labour: females are no

longer to be subjected to that revolting discipline, but are amenable to other modes of coercion: a record of punishments is to be kept; hasty punishments are not to be permitted; marriages between slaves may be solemnized in spite of the owner, by consent of a high officer newly appointed, and entitled 'Protector of the Slaves.' Female virtue in wedlock is encouraged by pecuniary rewards: families are never to be separated on the sales of estates or their cultivators: hours of labour are limited to the time between sunrise and sunset, including two hours for meals.

Should similar laws be enacted in the other colonies, the work of Mr. Stephen now before us would be superseded in its objects; but he contends, and we fear too truly, that they will not do it. Alluding to the plan of Mr. Canning, that of recommending the improving the condition of the slaves to the Colonial Assemblies, he says,—

'The experienced friends of the slaves must have lost their memories or their understandings, if they had entertained a hope that such a course would produce any good effect. They saw in it, if not frustration and positive mischief, at least certain disappointment and delay. Recommendation to the assemblies!! Why, the experiment had been tried repeatedly, during a period of twenty-six years, as well before as after the abolition of the slave-trade; and had uniformly and totally failed. The crown, the Parliament, and that far more influential body, the West India committee of this country, with Mr. Ellis at the head of it, had all recommended, supplicated, and even menaced, in vain. Not a single assembly had deigned to relax one cord of their rigorous bondage; or to adopt a single measure that had been proposed to them for the temporal or spiritual benefit of the slaves, except in a way manifestly evasive, and plainly intended, as well as proved by experience, to be useless; while some of those inexorable bodies had even met the solicitations of their sovereign, and the resolutions of the supreme legislature, with express rejection and contempt. Recommendation to the assemblies!!! to the authors of every wrong to be addressed! of every oppression to be mitigated! to slave-masters, the representatives of slave-masters, hardened by familiarity with the odious system in which they have been long personally engaged, and surrounded with crowds of indigent and vulgar whites, to whom slavery yields a sordid subsistence, and the degradation of the blacks is privilege and respect! You might as well recommend toleration to Spanish inquisitors, or Grecian liberty to the Turkish Divan.'

* * * * *

'It would be unjust to his Majesty's ministers, not to distinguish here between those colonies which are cursed with representative assemblies, and those which have escaped that misfortune, and over which the crown possesses the power of interior legislation. In the latter, Trinidad especially, some advances have been made towards giving effect to the parliamentary resolutions. But even in these, the unwise and dangerous course has been taken of referring the work in its

form, and practical details at least, to its known and irreconcilable enemies; of submitting to their advice, the time of its initiation, and its progress, and even the choice of the means and instruments of its execution.

The colonies to which we have alluded form exceptions to Mr. Stephen's charge, which, however, applies to most of them. The object of his letter, which possesses more argument than eloquence, is to call on the people to petition Parliament for the abolition of slavery, and to induce electors to instruct their representatives to promote the abolition, or transfer their suffrages to those who will not rest satisfied until this reproach to humanity is wiped off. His pamphlet displays much good sense and honest feeling, but we confess we do not so clearly see the way to an immediate abolition of slavery as the advocates for that measure profess to do.

My Thought-Book. [By] J. P. THOMAS. 8vo. pp. 404. London, 1825. Sherwood and Co.

THE title of *My Thought-Book* is more brief than attractive; it can convey no idea of the various subjects that are treated of in this volume. The author is evidently one who does think, and that is more than can be said of all writers; he often, too, thinks correctly, though he is occasionally somewhat dogmatical and affected. At a period when typographical accuracy and neatness are evident in almost every work, however trivial, that issues from the press, the style of this must not escape censure. The volume consists of aphorisms, criticisms on the fine arts, biographical memoirs, moral, legal, and political disquisitions, &c. Although we despair of giving any extracts that will sufficiently explain the nature or character of a work consisting of nearly nine hundred detached thoughts or essays, yet we shall select two or three articles, of a miscellaneous nature. The first relates to religion:—

‘It is most astonishing that sober thinking men can subscribe to the silly ceremonies observed in the Roman church. There is in the performance of the priests, so much mummery—so much genuflection—so much kissing of marble—so much walking backwards and forwards—so much changing of habiliments—so much burning of giant's candles—so much ringing of bells—so much repetition of words—so much humming of sounds in an unintelligible tone—and so much affectation of mysterious secrecy, that it is almost difficult to be grave in a Catholic chapel. And yet, because I do not adopt such indescribable nonsense, I am a wicked heretic, and am consigned to condemnation! How gratifying is the conviction that the Creator is infinitely more benevolent than his creatures! If it were not so, we should be all condemned by some sect or other.

‘Why do the Catholic priests keep the poor part of their flock in ignorance? If the Catholic religion be as infallible as it is professed to be, it is proper that the knowledge of it should be diffused as widely as possible. For a professor of religion to conceal the knowledge of it from his disciples,

is unaccountable conduct. How are we to adore a Deity with whose character and precepts we are unacquainted?’

The following are humane and sensible observations on the punishment of death:—

‘Men will always endeavour to encroach upon the rights of others, unless they be restrained by some penalty operating upon their senses, and the fear of which repels them from incurring it. Such is the object of all human punishment—prevention of crime, and it must be bounded by that end or design which gives birth to it,—I mean necessity.

‘We have clearly no moral right to deprive human beings of life, unless it be *necessitate rei*, for the crime of murderous acts. No man has a right to kill himself, and may A. lawfully dispose of the life of B., when B. himself may not dispose of it? If he have no such right, he cannot possibly delegate it to a political representative. Do not let us forget the merciful examples of Elizabeth of Russia, and Catherine the Second, and of the Romans.

‘The duration, not the intensity of the infliction operates in the most powerful degree on the human mind. Perpetual slavery may be rendered a lasting spectacle—the agonies of death endure but for a moment. The one is constantly before the public gaze, but the other is forgotten, almost as soon as it is observed. And yet this extreme severity of punishment is intended for the benefit of public example. When punishments are extravagantly ferocious, or unnecessarily severe, they excite feelings of compassion for the criminal, and indignation at the laws, instead of sentiments of horror for the crime. Surely loss of liberty for life must excite more lasting impressions than momentary agony.

‘The punishment of death familiarizes the public eye to the ferocity of human bloodshed—an evil most dangerous and impolitic. I ask every man, whether he does not contemplate the office of public executioner with inward horror? and yet, if the punishment be just and defensible, he who executes it is, *quoad hoc*, a good man and an honest citizen. There is a spirit of humanity in the human mind which abhors the infliction of death; it is the sweet instinct of nature, and we dare not stifle it. Voltaire observes that Jeffries in England, and *Coupette* in France, were intended by nature, not for judges but for executioners. The infamous sentence passed upon Titus Oates, for perjury, appears to justify the assertion. Having extracted the sentence from a scarce work, I will, with the permission of my readers, transcribe it:—

‘“That the defendant should pay 1000 marks upon each indictment; that he should be stripped of all his canonical habits; that he should stand in the pillory before Westminster-Hall gate, upon the following Monday, for an hour, with a paper over his head (which he was first to walk with round about to all the courts in Westminster Hall), declaring his crime; that he should, upon the Tuesday, stand in the pillory at the Royal

Exchange for an hour, with the same inscription; that, on Wednesday, he should be whipped from Aldgate to Newgate; that, on Friday, he should be whipped from Newgate to Tyburn; that, moreover, for annual commemoration, upon every 24th of April, he should stand in the pillory at Tyburn, just opposite to the gallows, for one hour, upon every ninth of August, at Westminster-Hall gate; on every 10th of August at Charing Cross; on every 11th of August against the Temple Gate; and upon every 2nd of September, at the Royal Exchange, during life; and that, lastly, he should stand committed a close prisoner as long as he lived.” Who can say that such an enormous judgment as this was calculated to repress any crime of which Oates was guilty? The indignation for the crime is buried, and buried, and buried again, in our disgust for the abominable cruelty of the sentence. The punishment of death does certainly, in one sense, prevent crime; for it restrains the thief who is hung at the Old Bailey from thieving any more. But it is our duty, as careful judges of political economy, to view the question in its most extended prospect. I am very sorry to observe that public executions are so frequent and common-placed; that they are regarded more in the shape of entertaining amusements or interesting spectacles, than of retributive solemnities. Human life is inestimable, because no money can purchase it; and it should not, therefore, be put in competition with the theft of a few articles, perhaps merely luxuries of the value of a few shillings. The unhappy consequence of the universality of the penalty in this country is, that judges and jurymen connive in favour of the criminal, conceiving it to be more honourable to break their solemn oaths, than to be instrumental in inflicting a cruel and unreasonable sentence. To take away the life of a human being, is almost the exclusive privilege of that God who gives it only as a trust to fulfil its purposes; and absolute and imperative necessity alone can justify the deprivation of life. The Mosaic dispensation, which has been alluded to as authorising the human infliction of death, has been superseded by the Christian system. “An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth,” is a doctrine which true Christians cannot, consistently with their faith, acknowledge as valid. We should consider the awful nature of the responsibility which we incur, by inflicting death. The certainty of punishment, upon the conviction of offences, is one of the most essential and powerful remedies against their commission. The criminal calculates upon the chance of escape; first, by not being prosecuted; secondly, by a defect in the mode of prosecution; and, lastly, by escaping the strict severity of the nominal punishment ensuing upon conviction. In the penal suffering of imprisonment, which I have referred to, the criminal may make some reparation of his crime to society, by manual labour for its benefit.

We shall conclude with some remarks on jurisprudence:—

‘Lawyers cannot perhaps be expected, on

the moment, to answer at least one quarter of the questions which are put to them. The statutes of this country occupy about 45,000 close quarto pages, and the reports of common-law decisions, continually referred to, are contained in not less than 55,000 other pages. So that the standard or evidential books of legal authority consist of about 100,000 pages. These books are of course exclusive of the different abridgments and treatises of law, and arguments and comments on judicial decisions. Of these, *Viner's*, *Comyn's*, and *Bacon's* works, contain, I imagine, a quantity of type equal to that of two hundred thousand common octavo pages; and I should be suspected of asserting the marvellous, if I were to add a conjecture of the total number of pages of which the several law-books of authority, constantly referred to in the courts, consist. There is no other science which requires so much reading as the science of jurisprudence. I may even, with truth, add, that there is no other science in which it is unavoidably necessary to be acquainted with more than a hundred different volumes. Is it a subject for astonishment, then, that our lawyers are sometimes mistaken, and adverse to each other in opinion, on points of law? Is it surprising that men should lose their way in an immense wilderness? and is it unfair that the practitioners of so abstruse and arduous a profession should be amply remunerated for their study, industry, and anxiety?

THE REIGN OF TERROR.

(Continued from p. 7.)

THE first narrative in these volumes is that of M. St. Meard, which, under the title of 'My Agony of Thirty-eight Hours,' has passed through fifty-seven editions. It relates to the massacres of the 2nd and 3rd of September, at which time M. St. Meard was a prisoner in the Abbaye. It describes the terrific events of that period with much force, but in a style truly French. The second document is the narrative of Mademoiselle de Paysac, whose uncle, the Abbé Chapt de Rastignac, was arrested on the 25th of August, 1792, and thrown into the prison of the Abbaye. His affectionate niece resolved to attend him, and made incessant application for the purpose; but we must let her relate her own story:—

'At seven o'clock in the morning I repaired to the Hotel de Ville, where I saw Manuel, and all the assassins who then formed the Commune. I addressed them all. None of them knew that the Abbé de Rastignac was arrested. I solicited, as an especial favour, permission to become a prisoner with my uncle; but they harshly refused my application. How imperious are the necessities of the soul, and what courage do they not inspire! From Sunday till the following Wednesday I did not quit the Hotel de Ville, except to take a few hours' sleep. On Tuesday they came and arbitrarily forced me away, and took me to the section of the Luxembourg, where I remained in a state of arrest from two o'clock in the afternoon till eight in the evening. At length, on Wednes-

day, by dint of urgent importunities, I obtained the much-desired permission. M. Sergeant, and others, told me that I was committing an imprudence, and that the prisons were not safe. Ah, how could such motives stop one impelled by affection! I was only the more eager to share all the dangers of him whose days I would willingly have preserved at the expense of my own.

'I at length saw him who had always been a second father to me, and pressed him in my arms. He expressed to me the pleasure which my presence gave him; but his joy was mingled with the fear that he might see me suffer with him. Alas! I could only suffer from his sufferings. He was one of seven in a room where it was scarcely possible to turn around. The air of the place was infected,—sufficient of itself to have destroyed an unfortunate old man, enfeebled by age and by sickness. His eyes had not closed once in the horrible abode. What would I not have given to have seen him take one hour's repose! The frightful aspect of the prison, the corrupted air which I breathed, the continual sight of the prisoners who shared the misfortune of my uncle,—nothing affected me—I was beside him.

'Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, passed with tolerable tranquillity. Every night, at ten o'clock, the gaoler fetched me to sleep in his chamber, occupied by the Princess de Tarente, and Mademoiselle de Sombreuil.

'On Sunday, at an early hour in the morning, the gaoler removed his wife and children from the prison. This precaution alarmed me, inasmuch as I saw consternation depicted upon his countenance. On other days it was sometimes four o'clock before the prisoners were served with their dinners; but on this day—a day for ever execrable—they dined before two o'clock. Another frightful presage! The turnkeys took care to carry away all the knives and forks.

'At length the fatal hour arrived. We heard the most horrible cries and howlings. We were told that the populace wished to force their way into the prison. Nearly three hours elapsed before the assassins had penetrated the gates. If the public officers had not consented to the massacre, they could undoubtedly have prevented it.

'At the beginning of the night, some national guards and the gaoler came and tore me from my uncle. . . . I saw him no more. . . . I was led into a chamber whither all the women had been conducted. We heard the cries of the ferocious murderers, and the groans of the victims whom they were sacrificing. The gaoler came to inform us that he was forced to permit some of the prisoners to be destroyed for the safety of the others. I told him that the lives of all had been confided to him, and that it was his duty to save them or perish. I saw with indignation that I was not heeded. Alas, in what place, and to whom, was I speaking of duty and heroism! All the night passed in agonies worse than death.

'At seven o'clock in the morning (Monday,) the turnkey announced Manuel. He appeared to condemn the cruelties which had been perpetrated, but prevented nothing.

He passed the greater part of the day in the prison; but his presence was either useless or fatal. As I had before seen him, when entreating permission to share the captivity of my uncle, I now addressed him, and expressed my fears of the dangers which surrounded the object of my tender veneration. "Be satisfied, madam," said he to me; "nothing will happen to him: I answer for it with my life." As if his life, and the lives of all his fellows, could pay for that which I am weeping for! He added, "Do not speak of your uncle; you would make them think of him, and he will be forgotten." The keeper then promised me, that if they came to ask for my uncle, he would immediately inform me of it. Oh! if he had kept his word, I might have saved the good old man, or I should have died with him. While I was in this dreadful situation, the minutes appearing hours to me, a turnkey brought me a note from my uncle, who complained of not having seen me. (Alas! the tyrants kept me chained as well as him.) This beloved uncle told me, that they were going to take him home, and entreated me to repair thither as soon as possible, in order to relieve his anxiety. He charged me to take care of a very voluminous portfolio, which would be troublesome to him, on account of the difficulty he had in walking. This portfolio was never delivered to me, and was doubtlessly stolen.

'At nine o'clock in the morning, they came to inform us that all those who remained had their pardon. We were nearly to the number of twenty. The two first who went out were butchered. A national guard, who doubtlessly was not one of the assassins, exclaimed, "It is a snare which they have laid for you; go up again, and do not show yourselves." It was thus that he saved our lives. Two hours afterwards, some one announced to us that Mademoiselle de Sombreuil, the model of every virtue, had saved her father's life. What an affecting spectacle of truly heroic filial tenderness! Could we behold without emotion, and without the liveliest admiration, a daughter surrounded by assassins, forcibly clasping in her arms the body of her father, whom the wretches wished to assassinate, and demanding from the tyrants that their first blows should be aimed at her! Oh, admirable trait of tenderness, the memory of which will endure as long as that of the ever-detested day!

'This event restored us to some degree of tranquillity; but, a few minutes afterwards, the assassins began again to slaughter their victims. Their arms were wearied, but their rage for blood was insatiable. They soon came to conduct the females to be examined. We were led into a turnkey's room, where a great number of prisoners had already met their death. The judges of the sanguinary tribunal would not hear us, and we were taken back to our chamber. From that moment we were haunted by men covered with blood, and armed with swords and pistols. The intoxication occasioned by the united power of wine and carnage was depicted in their frightful countenances, and shone in their fiery looks. They related to us, with savage delight, the manner in which they

got rid of the aristocrats, and the terror with which their descriptions inspired us was highly gratifying to these cannibals.

In this horrible situation, Mademoiselle Cazotte eagerly entreated to see her father; she evinced so much sensibility, and such sublime virtue, that her petition was complied with. They led her into the room where he was, and almost immediately she was conducted back to our's. Some moments afterwards, this interesting young creature, hearing her father, who was going down to meet his fate, darted through the guards, and gasped the unfortunate old man, and it was impossible to separate her from him. She displayed the same heroism of which Mademoiselle de Sombreuil had given so rare an example. In imitation of that generous girl, Mademoiselle Cazotte succeeded in softening the hearts of the murderers, whose fury her father was on the point of experiencing; but, alas! she saved the head which was already whitened by age, only to see it a few days afterwards delivered up to the steel of the execution. Horrible assassination, the more revolting from being invested with judicial forms.

At six o'clock in the evening, collecting all my strength of mind, and urged alone by the desire of seeing my uncle again, I earnestly entreated to be led before the tribunal of blood, in order to endeavour to quit at last a place so fatal, or to terminate an existence so insupportable. I was conducted by men stained with the blood of the murders they had just perpetrated. I advanced through sabres and pikes until I reached the president. This man, who had no appearance of humanity but the conformation of his features, was seated beside a table, surrounded by funeral torches; his clothes were covered with blood, his wild and haggard eyes appeared greedy for the murder of the unfortunate beings of whom the influence of crime had rendered him the sovereign judge; hatred for every virtue appeared seated on his brow. This monster, placed upon a throne erected by Infamy, said to me:—

"For what reason are you here?"

"It is not by a warrant that I am detained: I voluntarily became a prisoner in order to fulfil the duties of gratitude and humanity."

"Towards whom?"

"It was to bestowing my attentions on a worthy old man, who is my uncle and my benefactor, the friend and the support of the unfortunate."

"All this does not tell his name."

"It is the Abbé de Chapt de Rastignac."

"You have committed a great piece of imprudence."

"No, sir, I request to share his fate."

"You are free, and you may depart."

"One of the judges, who had listened to me with great attention, said to me:—

"No, madam, do not depart; the moment is not favourable. Go up again into your room, and, as soon as you can go without danger, I will send and inform you."

A man with a short jacket then said to me:—

"Do not attend to that: if you wish to

go, I will push you through, and you will very soon be out."

When individuals were pushed out, it was to be slaughtered. I was ignorant, as it may well be imagined, of these dreadful formalities. Carried away by a desire of seeing my uncle again, I believed this man to be my preserver. I accompanied him to the fatal passage, where so many honest individuals had died with glory. Suddenly I felt myself seized by the arm that was disengaged, and heard a voice exclaim, "You shall not go out." Strange effect of my blindness! I repulsed the humane man who wished to save me, and seconded with all my strength the executioner who was dragging me to punishment. The struggle lasted for ten minutes; at least, it appeared to me as long. We had reached the door, and I was about to enter the fatal passage which led to destruction; the man who still held me back cried out to the other, "Let go, or I will shoot you." The assassin did not require the order to be repeated. The person to whom I owe the preservation of my days (if it can be considered an advantage in the melancholy position in which I find myself) is called M. Pochet. Let this man here receive the tribute which is due to his humanity, and to the perseverance with which he snatched me from the fate that threatened me.

I ascended to my room, accompanied by my liberator, who then described to me the danger which I had just avoided. "Remain quiet," said he to me, "I will go and get one of my comrades to accompany us, and will furnish myself with an order of the president, and will save you. I will return for you at nine o'clock." I waited for him with patience, being still supported by the hope of seeing my uncle again.

My preserver returned at the hour which he had mentioned to me, accompanied by one of his comrades, a man as humane as himself. These two worthy individuals gave me their arms. The formidable door opened. I saw myself covered with swords, without being able to make a motion,—I saw the blood flowing under my footsteps. Alas! without doubt, my feet were covered with thy blood. . . . I walked over arms. . . . hands. . . . over those which had been the support of the unfortunate, which had so often succoured me! . . . Oh, God! oh, God! give me strength to support the grief which lacerates my bosom! . . . My preservers demanded protection for me, which was granted to them; I was not worthy to receive a death so glorious.

My conductors, thinking I was going to sink at the frightful sight which I had just witnessed, made me enter into a coffee-house. I entreated M. Pochet to continue his good work, and to conduct me to the house of my uncle. This excellent man requested me, as the only reward which he wished for the service he had rendered me, to permit him to pass his house with me, in order that his wife might share the happiness which he experienced in having preserved me. Ah! let my relations and my friends assist me to repay the sacred debt which I have contracted towards this worthy man. I followed him to

his house, and it was there that I learnt the dreadful misfortune which will be an eternal source of sorrow to me. M. Pochet and his wife lavished their attentions upon me; they offered me their house for an asylum, telling me that I should no longer find in mine what I sought there. . . . My unfortunate uncle had been massacred! The pen falls from my hand; I leave it to feeling souls to conceive all the horrors of my situation.

Age, virtues, or talents, were no protection during the fiery period of the Revolution, and even the Abbé Sicard, who gave ears to the deaf and a tongue to the dumb, did not escape denunciation; his only crime was that he was a priest—a crime for which no merits could atone. The relation of the hair-breadth escapes of this amiable man graces this volume. During the reign of terror, he was denounced, and sent to the Abbaye, where, on his arrival with four others, three of them were murdered as they stepped out of the coach. The abbé, after recording these atrocities, says,—

Recovered from the stupor into which I had been thrown by the massacre of my companions, and no longer seeing near me the monsters who were glutting their fury and their cruelty upon other unfortunates, I seized the favourable moment, darted out of the coach, and rushed into the presence of the committee. "Oh! gentlemen," I emphatically exclaimed, "preserve an unfortunate man." The commissaries repulsed me. "Go along," said they to me; "do you wish us to get ourselves massacred?" I should have been undone, if one of them had not recognised me. "Ah!" he cried out, "it is the Abbé Sicard. How do you happen to be here, sir? Enter; we will preserve you as long as we can." I entered into the hall of the committee, where I should have been in safety with my remaining companion who had escaped, but a woman had seen me enter. She hurried to inform the assassins of the circumstance. They continued their bloody work for several minutes, and I thought myself forgotten; but suddenly some one knocked rudely at the door, and demanded the two prisoners. I deemed myself lost. I pulled out my watch, and presented it to one of the commissaries. "You will deliver it," said I to him, "to the first deaf and dumb youth who shall come and inquire for me." I was certain that this watch would reach its destination. I knew the attachment of Massieu; and that to give this recommendation was to name him.

The commissary refused the watch. "It is not time," said he, "to take your resolution; the danger is not yet sufficiently pressing; I will inform you when it is."

In the meantime the blows were becoming louder at the door, and the assassins were about to burst it open. I presented my watch a second time, with the same entreaty. "Now," said the same commissary, "it is well; I will deliver it to him whom you mention."

The delivery of my watch was like my last will. There no longer remained any thing for me to leave to my friends. I fell on my knees, and offered the sacrifice of my

life to God. I had scarcely finished my prayer, when I arose and embraced my companion, saying, "Let us clasp each other; let us die together; the door is going to open; the executioners are there; we have not five minutes to live." At length the door opened. What horrible men rushed towards us! What brutality! Their fury deceived them for some moments. I was in the midst of the commissaries, clothed like them, perhaps less agitated, and with a more tranquil soul. At first they mistook; but a prisoner who had escaped, and whom the press of this dreadful horde had hurried into the hall, was recognised. We were at length discovered, and two men, with pikes, cried out, "Behold those two b—— whom we are seeking." Immediately one of them seized my fellow-prisoner by the hair of the head; the other struck his pike into his bosom, and stretched him dead at my feet. His blood flowed in a stream through the hall, and mine was about to mingle with it. The pike was already raised; when a man, whose name will ever be dear to me, informed by his children that massacres were going on at the Abbaye, and that mention had been made of the Abbé Sicard, hurried thither, broke through the throng, and, throwing himself between the pike and me, displayed his breast, and exclaimed to the monster who was going to stab me, "Behold the bosom through which you must pass before you reach him; it is the Abbé Sicard, one of the most benevolent of men, the most useful to his country, the father of the deaf and dumb: you must pass through my body to reach him."

The individual who thus interposed to save the virtuous abbé was a watchmaker, of the name of Monnot; happily, the Abbé Sicard was afterwards liberated. Beaumarchais, the author of the *Marriage of Figaro* and the *Barber of Seville*, was also imprisoned during this awful period. Among the persons in the prison with him were Vergniaux, Goussonné, Brissot, Ducos, Fonfrède, Valazé, Duchâtel, and others, all of whom were condemned and suffered. One of them, Lasource, on being sentenced, quoted a saying of one of the ancients, "I die at a moment when the people have lost their reason; you will die the day they shall have recovered it."

"All these powerful champions, who united among themselves alone almost all the eloquence of the nation, were dragged into the arena; chained down in every limb, restrained from making use of their strength. Vergniaux alone let one spark of his talent escape with that flexibility of organ which forces its way to every heart; all eyes wept, tyranny grew pale, and forced from the tribunal the decree which sealed the glory of the proscribed and the infamy of the proscribers."

"They were all calm and unostentatious, and not one of them allowed himself to be deceived with hope. Their souls were elevated to such a height, that it was impossible to address to them the common-place expression of ordinary consolation. Brissot, serious and thoughtful, had the air of a sage

contending with misfortune; and if any uneasiness was, at intervals, painted in his countenance, it was easy to see that his country alone was the object of it. Goussonné, collected within himself, seemed to dread the idea of soiling his mouth by pronouncing the names of his murderers; not a word escaped him respecting his own situation; his only thoughts were for the happiness of the people. Vergniaux at one moment grave, and the next less serious, cited for us a number of humorous verses with which his memory was adorned, and sometimes gave us the enjoyment of listening to the last accents of that sublime eloquence which was already lost to the universe, since the barbarians had prevented him from speaking. There was a certain divine expression in the eyes of Valazé; a calm smile of serenity hovered over his lips; he indeed appeared to taste the sweets of his glorious death. I could not help saying to him, "Valazé, how happy you are at the idea of so glorious a death, and how grieved you would be, had they not condemned you!" On the final day, before he departed for the tribunal, he turned back to give me a pair of scissors which he had about him, and said, "It is a dangerous weapon; they fear lest we should make an attempt upon ourselves." The irony, worthy of Socrates, with which he pronounced these words, produced on me an effect which I could not then account for; but when I learned that this modern Cato had stabbed himself with a poniard, which he had concealed under his cloak, I was not surprised, and imagined I had foreseen it; he had concealed this poniard from their researches, for the persons of all were examined like the meanest criminal, before ascending the scaffold. Vergniaux threw away some poison which he had preserved, and preferred to die along with his colleagues.

"The two brothers, Fonfrède and Ducos, formed a detached group in this gloomy picture, as if to inspire a more lively and a more tender interest. Their youth, their friendship, the gaiety of Ducos, unclouded even in his last moments, the graces both of his mind and figure, increased the detestation of the crowd at the fury of their enemies. Ducos had sacrificed himself for his brother, and had surrendered himself to partake his fate. They frequently embraced each other, and seemed to acquire fresh strength in their caresses. They were about to leave all that can render life dear, an immense fortune, and beloved wives and children, and yet they did not cast their looks backwards, but kept them firmly fixed on their country and on liberty."

"Once only, Fonfrède took me aside, apart from his brother, and indulged in a torrent of tears at the recollection of those names, which almost break the most stoical hearts,—the names of his wife and of his children. His brother perceived him: "What ails you?" said he to him.... Fonfrède, ashamed at being seen weeping, checked his tears: "It's nothing; it is he who speaks to me.".... He thus threw upon me the blame of what he believed a shameful weakness. They once more em-

braced, and resumed all their strength. Fonfrède dried up his flowing tears; his brother restrained his, which were ready to flow; and they both, once more, became true Romans. This scene passed about twenty-four hours before their execution."

"They were condemned to death on the night of the 30th of October (old style), at about eleven o'clock. They all received the same sentence; we had in vain hoped that Fonfrède and Ducos might be saved, and they themselves probably entertained some hopes. They did not forget to give us the signal which they had promised. This was a patriotic song which they simultaneously broke out into, and all their voices were mingled in a last hymn to liberty; they parodied the song of the Marseillais:—

"Contre nous de la tyrannie

Le couteau sanglant est levé," &c.

"All this dreadful night resounded with their songs, which they only interrupted to speak of their country, and to listen to an occasional sally of Ducos's."

"This was the first time that so many extraordinary men had been massacred in a body. Youth, beauty, genius, virtue, talents, every thing that was interesting in man, was cut off by a single stroke; if cannibals had been their judges, they would not have committed such a horror. Our minds were so exalted by their courage, that it was not for a considerable time after the blow was struck that we began to feel its effects."

The fate of Madame Roland is well known; some particulars of her, by a person who had an opportunity of observing her conduct, cannot fail of being interesting; it is from the narrative of Riouffe:—

"At the side of the Conciergerie, to which I was now removed, was the prison of the women, separated from that of the men by an iron grating. The men communicated with them through this barrier, and through the two windows of the ground-floor, which opened upon the court of their prison. It was there that I saw an innumerable crowd of victims, of all ages and conditions, heaped up together. The blood of the 22d was still smoking, when the wife of Roland arrived. She maintained the most perfect calmness, though well aware of the fate which awaited her. Without being in the flower of age, she was still full of charms, extremely tall, and of an elegant figure, with a most intelligent countenance; but her sufferings and long confinement had left traces of melancholy upon her features, and had cooled down her natural vivacity. Something more than is usually found in the eyes of women was painted in her large, soft, and expressive black eyes. She frequently expressed her sensations at the grating, with all the freedom and intrepidity of a great man. This republican language coming from the lips of a lovely French woman, whose scaffold was preparing, was one of the miracles of the Revolution to which we were not yet accustomed. We all stood listening to her in a sort of dumb admiration. Her conversation was serious, without being cold. She expressed herself with a purity and melody of accent, which gave to her language the charm

of the most delightful music. She spoke of the deputies who had just perished with the utmost respect, but without any effeminate pity, and even rather reproached them for not having taken stronger measures. She most commonly spoke of them by the name of our friends. She frequently sent for Clavière, to converse seriously with him. Upon other occasions her sex would resume its power, and she was observed to weep at the recollection of her daughter and husband. This mixture of natural tenderness and of strength rendered her more interesting. Her servant woman said to me one day, "When in your presence, she collects all her strength; but when in her own apartment, she sometimes remains for three hours resting on her window, and bathed in tears. The day on which she was summoned before her judges, we saw her depart with her ordinary firmness; but on her return, her eyes were moist with tears." She had been treated with such cruelty, even to the point of insulting her honour, that she could not suppress her tears, even while she was expressing her indignation. A mercenary pedant had barbarously insulted this female, so celebrated for her talents, and who, at the bar of the National Convention, had compelled her enemies, by the graces of her eloquence, to be silent and to admire her. She remained eight days at the Conciergerie, and her mildness of character had already endeared her to all the prisoners, who wept sincerely over her fate.

"The day on which she was condemned, she had dressed herself in white, and with unusual care. Her long black tresses fell down in folds as far as her waist. She would have softened the most ferocious heart, but these monsters had none. Besides, she made no efforts to do so; she had merely chosen this dress as a symbol of the purity of her soul. After her condemnation, she crossed back into the ward-room with the quick step of a satisfied mind, and made us a sign that she was condemned to death. Being joined in the same sentence with a man whose courage was not equal to her's, she succeeded in inspiring him with firmness, by such charming and unaffected gaiety, that she frequently forced us, melancholy as we were, to smile.

"Upon arriving at the public square, where she was to undergo her sentence, she saluted the statue of Liberty, and pronounced these memorable words, "Oh Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!"

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Philomathic Journal and Literary Review. No. VII.

THE seventh number of the Philomathic Journal contains numerous original articles of considerable merit, and more than the usual portion of reviews, written in a liberal, honest, and impartial spirit. We subjoin an extract, from a discussion at the Philomathic Institution, on the question, whether fairs and similar amusements are injurious to the morals of the lower orders? There were of course two sides to this question, and each had its advocates. Despising the cant by which fairs are put down, we are ready to enter the lists and break a lance with their stoutest opponent.

The following are the arguments of the advocates of fairs, at the Philomathic Institution:—

"What are the mighty reasons urged against the continuance of fairs? First, those who frequent them sometimes get intoxicated. Really, it might be supposed that intoxication was unknown, except when fairs induced men to depart from sobriety. Is there no intoxication at any other times, or in any other places? Is a drunken man so rare a spectacle, that we must go to a fair to see one? Are the streets of the metropolis quite free from such persons, when there are no fairs; that is, during the greater part of the year? On the contrary, are not instances of the most brutal intoxication frequent *even on the sabbath-day*, when fairs are never held? Men will occasionally degrade themselves by excessive drinking whether fairs exist or not; and, to abolish them on this account,—to forbid to the decent and the orderly the amusement of a fair, because persons of a different character are brutal and disorderly at fairs and *all other places*,—is at once revolting to reason and repugnant to justice.

"Females of improper character are to be found also at fairs. Alas! such are to be met with in all places of resort. The theatres abound with them; the churches are not exempt from their presence; the public streets are crowded with them: and are we to be told, that it is an objection to fairs that such characters infest them? If fairs are to be suppressed on this account; then, to make the reformation complete, must *all* places of amusement be shut up,—the temples of public worship must be closed, especially of an evening,—even the streets themselves must be vacated by the respectable part of society, and every house declared to be under a strict blockade.

"But fairs are attended by pick-pockets.—True! so is a concert—a public lecture—a horse-race—a lord mayor's show—an execution—a procession of charity-children round the boundaries of a parish—a review—a proclamation of peace—an election—a public funeral—an auction—the ascent of a balloon—a rowing-match—an illumination—a ship-launch; in fact, wherever great numbers of persons are collected, pickpockets will naturally resort. But what then? Are we to forbid persons assembling for a laudable or innocent object, because thieves may intrude among them? If so, let us at least be consistent. Let it not be permitted to men to assemble for any purpose, social, commercial, political, or religious. Let the Bank, the Exchange, the courts of law, be closed; for those who live by plunder frequent them all.

"But upon what authority did the opponents of fairs represent murder as of frequent occurrence at those places? From the manner in which it was spoken of, one would suppose that it was as common as cakes and ale. If so, we may expect, after next Bartholomew Fair, to see in the London Gazette a regular list of the killed, wounded, and missing. But where are the instances? Strange, if they are so numerous, that we

could not be favoured with the mention of one! That murder generally, or even frequently, is committed at fairs, we boldly deny; and, although it were presumptuous to affirm that no instance of it is to be found, we yet feel considerable confidence in challenging the recollection of our opponents to produce one. Of the terror that pervades our streets during the continuance of a fair in the vicinity of London, we, though inhabitants of the metropolis, must profess ourselves utterly ignorant. We walk the streets at such times as freely, and with as great a sense of security, as at any other.

"Of the shows exhibited at fairs, one has been admitted to be in itself unobjectionable: our opponents have been kind enough to allow us to take a peep at the wild beasts. The tigers, the wolves, and the hyænas, are, it seems, very harmless company; but then we ought not to go to a fair to visit them, because we may see them with much more moral safety at Exeter 'Change. Now, it is pretty clear that it is only the inhabitant of London, or its neighbourhood, that has this opportunity. Unless the country labourer gratify his curiosity when these animals are brought almost to his door at the village fair, he is not likely to gratify it at all; for it would be scarcely worth while for a labouring man in Cornwall or Northumberland to make a journey to London merely for the purpose of visiting Exeter 'Change. But there is another reason which may induce a poor Londoner to prefer the fair to the 'Change. The beasts, when abroad, are less fastidious as to their company than when at home. When they are making their progress through the provinces, he who has much curiosity and little money may enjoy the same pleasure for sixpence, which, when the illustrious animals are settled at their head-quarters in the Strand, would cost about seven times that sum. This is surely a consideration to him who has to support a wife and family upon three shillings and sixpence *per diem*. He is naturally unwilling to pay the total returns of one day's labour, however anxious he may be to "see the lions;" and who shall blame him?

"The rest of the amusements of a fair have been condemned *in toto*. They consist principally, it is said, in "buffoonery of the lowest description." We cannot, indeed, say much in favour of the histrionic powers of the itinerant Thespians who exhibit at these places. But is low buffoonery peculiarly the delight of the lower orders? Do their betters exhibit a more correct taste in their amusements? Have not the audiences of our metropolitan theatres long been content to be pleased with precisely the same kind of low buffoonery a month or six weeks after Christmas in every year? Are there any symptoms of the taste of these persons improving? Is it, or is it not true, that in an establishment that has been pompously denominated "the national theatre," a French buffoon has been retained to delight those (certainly not of the lowest class) who pay seven shillings each for admission into the boxes,—first, by performing with astonishing accuracy all the evolutions of that

wooden hero, Mr. Punch, and subsequently by showing how nearly a rational creature (*if such*) can imitate that respectable animal, an ape; and all this for the *very moderate* remuneration of a *hundred and fifty pounds per week*? If this be true, let the middle and the higher classes look at home, instead of reprobating the low buffoonery which pleases their inferiors at a country fair.

'The tricks of the juggler have been supposed by our opponents to afford excellent instruction for pickpockets, and fairs have in consequence been deemed the best schools to which students in that art can resort. It is worth observing, that this is the only objection which has been taken to any of the exhibitions of a fair *on moral grounds*; and it is quite impossible to suppose that this was seriously intended. No, no!—thieves do not resort for instruction to Mr. Gyngell or Mr. Ingleby. The juggler's spectators are very different persons. They are, for the most part, not very wise, but very honest people, who seek only to gratify that love of the wonderful, which seems inherent in human nature.'

* * * * *

'But the opponents of fairs will not confine the poor entirely to the "feast of reason." They will allow them certain bodily exercises. They have no great objection to a game at cricket, a match of wrestling or rowing, pitching the bar, and so forth.

'It is impossible here not to advert to one advantage of fairs and similar amusements; an advantage which they alone possess. They are amusements not only for men, but for women and children; and the poor man may enjoy them in the company of his wife and family. Now, the athletic sports which have been mentioned may not be amiss for the male sex; but wherein do they furnish any amusement for the other? Are females to become cricketers and fives-players? Are females to contend in throwing the iron bar, to wrestle for a new hat, to row for a coat and badge, or to enter the lists at single-stick, the first broken head to decide the bout? But, after all, where is the superior morality of such amusement? Was drunkenness never heard of at a match of cricket, or wrestling, or rowing?

'It is not here quite irrelevant to ask, why all this care for the morals of the poor? Would it not be well to devote some small portion of it to the regulation of the amusements of the rich? Do *they* want no reformation? What do our opponents think of the magnificent gaming-houses which adorn and disgrace the metropolis? What of that marvellously moral amusement the Italian Opera? Do no tainted characters gain admission within its immaculate walls? Or, passing from the audience to the stage, is every thing there perfectly unobjectionable? The style of dancing, for instance. What have they to say to the morality of a masquerade? What, to Sunday concerts, and Sunday at homes? Why will they confine their meritorious exertions to the poor? As far as morality is concerned, the rich have at least as much occasion for charity.

'There are, indeed, persons who would

afford to the poor no amusements at all; and the time seems fast approaching when their opinions will be pretty generally received. Labour is to be the unmitigated portion of the poor man,—nothing but labour. Industry he is to exhibit, but it is *not* to be cheerful industry. His station in life, which condemns him to subsist by the labour of his hands, is also to doom him to dwell in the cave of Trophonius. He must divest himself of feeling of every kind. Whatever his privations, he is not to complain,—whatever his exertions, he is not to enjoy. If he is hungry, he is to be whipped. If he is merry, he is to be sent to amuse himself at the treadmill, that notable engine devised by the *humanity* of prison reformers for his recreation. Whether he stay at home or go abroad, it is difficult for him to keep clear of the Vagrant Act: and, as to amusement, that is a thing which he is not even to think of. It is not quite clear, indeed, that he has a right to take a walk without asking leave.

'On the Continent, the poor have their seasons of enjoyment; and the village green is frequently the scene of festivity and mirth: but, in this country, it seems that no such thing is to be permitted;—a smile is to be petty larceny, and a horse-laugh, felony without benefit of clergy. It was not so of old in "merry England." The Christmas merry-makings, the May sports, the sheep-shearings, the harvest homes, and all the other periodical returns of festivity, spread contentment and joy over the face of the country. These seasons were red-letter-days in the poor man's calendar, and inspired him with a feeling, that those above him cared for his happiness. He respected himself the more because he was cared for by his superiors; and was not only more happy, but more honest. What have we gained by consigning the poor to perpetual sadness?—a discontented and repining population, instead of a cheerful and happy one. Is the change worth the trouble which it has cost to make it?

'But by what title is it, that one class of society presume to forbid all amusement to another? Have not the poor an equal right with the rich to be as happy as they can? Is he who has little, to be restrained, by those who abound, from enjoying, in his own way, the small portion which he possesses of the good things of this life? Is enjoyment to be forbidden to laborious industry, and allowed only to opulent idleness? But you will give the labourer other amusements. It is not in your power! You may *command* him to be amused, but you cannot be obeyed. Why interfere at all? Will you admit *his* interference with *your* amusements? Will you give up Catalani and Pasta, because he admires them not? No! surely. Let *him*, then, continue to follow his own amusements, and *you* adhere to yours; but do not exercise an impertinent and vexatious interference, which you would refuse to submit to. To suppress the public amusements of all classes, might be unwise, but would not be unfair. To prohibit those of one class only is monstrous. Shall the rich man lounge at an opera, and the poor man be denied per-

mission to laugh at a fair? Where is the fairness, where the justice, where the charity, where the common sense, where the common decency of this?

A Legacy for Young Ladies. By the late MRS. BARBAULD. 12mo. London, 1825. Longman and Co.

THE literary character of Mrs. Barbauld stands too high to be affected by the posthumous publication of a work which she might deem not prepared, or even unfit for the press. She was a clever and an amiable woman, who did much good to society, and she will rank high among the able writers, not of this age only, but of all time; her whole life was directed to useful objects, and the moral lessons she taught in all her works, cannot be too strongly inculcated. The miscellaneous pieces in the volume before us, which have been collected from the papers of Mrs. Barbauld, are principally intended for the more youthful classes of society; and though many of them are of a playful character, yet a great object of all this author's writings,—instruction, is not overlooked. One of the best articles in the volume is an Essay on the Uses of History, and from this, we make the only extract we shall quote. Mrs. Barbauld assures us that the study of history fosters patriotism, and she thus illustrates it:—

'What is a man's country? To the unlettered peasant who has never left his native village, that village is his country, and consequently all of it he can love. The man who mixes in the world, and has a large acquaintance with the characters existing along with himself upon the stage of it, has a wider range. His idea of a country extends to its civil polity, its military triumphs, the eloquence of its courts, and the splendour of its capital. All the great and good characters he is acquainted with swell his idea of its importance, and endear to him the society of which he is a member. But how wonderfully does this idea expand, and how majestic a form does it put on, when History conducts our retrospective view through past ages! How much more has the man to love, how much more to interest him in his country, in whom her image is identified with the virtues of an Alfred, with the exploits of the Henries and Edwards, with the fame and fortunes of the Sidneys and Hampdens, the Lockes and Miltons who have illustrated her annals! Like a man of noble birth who walks up and down in a long gallery of portraits, and is able to say, "This my progenitor was admiral in such a fight; that my great-uncle was general in such an engagement; he on the right hand held the seals in such a reign; that lady in so singular a costume was a celebrated beauty two hundred years ago; this little man in the black cap and peaked beard was one of the luminaries of his age, and suffered for his religion;"—he learns to value himself upon his ancestry, and to feel interested for the honour and prosperity of a whole line of descendants. Could a Swiss, think you, be so good a patriot who had never heard of the name of William Tell? or the Hollander,

who should be unacquainted with the glorious struggles which freed his nation from the tyranny of the Duke of Alva?

'The Englishman conversant in history has been long acquainted with his country. He knew her in the infancy of her greatness; has seen her, perhaps, in the wattled huts and slender canoes in which Cæsar discovered her: he has watched her rising fortunes, has trembled at her dangers, rejoiced at her deliverances, and shared with honest pride triumphs that were celebrated ages before he was born. He has traced her gradual improvement through many a dark and turbulent period, many a storm of civil warfare, to the fair reign of her liberty and law, to the fulness of her prosperity and the amplitude of her fame.

'Or should our patriot have his lot cast in some age and country which has declined from this high station of pre-eminence; should he observe the gathering glooms of superstition and ignorance, ready to close again over the bright horizon: should liberty lie prostrate at the feet of a despot, and the golden stream of commerce, diverted into other channels, leave nothing but beggary and wretchedness around him;—even then, in these ebbing fortunes of his country, History, like a faithful meter would tell him how high the tide had once risen; he would not tread unconsciously the ground where the muses and the arts had once resided, like the goat that stupidly browses upon the fane of Minerva. Even the name of his country will be dear and venerable to him. He will muse over her fallen greatness, sit down under the shade of her never-dying laurels, build his little cottage amidst the ruins of her towers and temples, and contemplate with tenderness and respect the decaying age of his once illustrious parent.'

JANUS.

(Concluded from p 4).

NOTWITHSTANDING that we were not sparing in our quotations, last week, from this publication, we now return to it, according to our promise, and, unless we greatly mistake, to the satisfaction of our readers. Some of the articles, we confess, are not altogether of the stamp one would expect in a volume of this kind, being not of that class which comes under the head of light-reading; but there are sufficient of the latter description to recommend the book to those who seek chiefly for amusement; and from some of the specimens we gave, it will have been seen that they are not deficient either in liveliness or originality: as to the more serious papers, they are far from being without interest, although one or two are of rather too metaphysical a cast. Yet it ought to be considered that the editor had to consult the tastes of Scotch as well as English readers. The hints concerning the universities contain some good remarks touching academic residence, and the manner of rendering the professorships more useful than they are at present. We cannot charge the writer with ill-liberality towards these bodies, although he has pointed out some defects; but should

rather say that a much greater reform must take place before these institutions can become what they ought to be. The spirit of the age requires something more than mere scholastic learning, and classical or mathematical attainments; and a regard for morality also demands, that laxity of conduct should not be so conveniently winked at.

The paper on the Rise and Decline of Nations, and some others of a similar kind, have considerable merit, even if they do not present us with any striking originality. Among the narratives, the Saturday Night in the Manse, and Daniel Cathie, Tobacconist, are the best; they are indeed but mere sketches, yet vigorously drawn and richly coloured, with a great deal of raciness and of quiet humour. We do not profess to know who they are by; but they are not unworthy the pen of Galt. The following is the portrait of the Tobacconist:—

'DANIEL CATHIE, TOBACCONIST.

'Daniel Cathie was a reputable dealer in snuff, tobacco, and candles, in a considerable market-town in Scotland. His shop had, externally, something neat and enticing about it. In the centre of one window glowed a transparency of a ferocious-looking Celt, bonneted, plaided, and kilted, with his unsheathed claymore in one hand, and his ram's-horn mull in the other; intended, no doubt, to emblem to the spectator, that from thence he recruited his animal spirits, drawing courage from the titillation of every pinch. Around him were tastefully distributed jars of different dimensions, bearing each the appropriate title of the various compounds within, from Maccuba and Lundy Foot, down to Beggar's Brown and Irish Black-guard. In the other, one half was allotted to tobacco-pipes of all dimensions, tastefully arranged, so as to form a variety of figures, such as crosses, triangles, and squares; decorated, at intervals, with rolls of twist, serpentinings of pigtail, and monticuli of shag. The upper half displayed candles, distributed with equal exhibition of taste, from the prime four in the pound down to the halfpenny dip; some of a snowy whiteness, and others of an aged and delicate yellow tinge; enticing to the eyes of experienced housewives and spectacled cognoscenti. Over the door rode a swarthy son of Congo, with broad nostrils, and eyes whose whites were fearfully dilated, —astride on a tobacco hogshead,—his woolly head bound with a coronal of feathers,—a quiver peeping over his shoulder, and a pipe in his cheeks, blown up for the eternity of his wooden existence, in the puffy ecstasy of inhalation.

'Daniel himself, the autocrat of this domicile, was a little squat fellow, five feet and upwards, of a rosy complexion, with broad shoulders, and no inconsiderable rotundity of paunch. His eye was quick and sparkling, with something of an archness in its twinkle, as if he loved a joke occasionally, yet could wink at any one who presumed too far in tampering with his shrewdness. His forehead was bald, as well as no small portion of either temple; and the black curls, which projected above his ears, gave to his face the appearance of more than its actual breadth,

which was scantily relieved by a light-blue spotted handkerchief, loosely tied around a rather apoplectic neck.

'His dress was commonly a bottle-green jacket, single-breasted, and square in the tails; a striped cotton waistcoat; velveteen breeches, and light-blue ridge-and-furrow worsted stockings. A watch-chain, of a broad steel pattern, hung glittering before him, at which depended a small gold seal, a white almond-shaped shell, and a perforated Queen Anne's sixpence. Over all this lower display, suppose that you fasten a clean, glossy linen apron, and you have his entire portrait and appearance.

'From very small beginnings, he had risen, by careful industry, to a respectable place in society, and was now the landlord of the property he had for many years only rented. Daniel was a man of the world, and considered, perhaps not wrongly, that, in society, wealth stamped value upon worth, which otherwise was often little better than useless bullion; and that the voice of virtue, unless sustained by its able assistance, was little better than sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

'All men have a ruling passion; some more, and others less praiseworthy. Daniel's was that of adding guinea to guinea. For this end he was up early and lay down late; toiled all day "in the eye of Phœbus," (his shop was on the sunny side of the street,) and was, at all times, to be found at the head of his concerns. This was Daniel's way of getting rich; and it was not the least sure one: others might sound as well in theory, but this answered to his satisfaction in practice.

'Daniel had inherited nothing from his parents. His mother was widowed while he was yet in the fourth year of his age; and she had endeavoured, by a thousand honest shifts, to feed, clothe, and give him a tolerable education. At the age of fourteen he entered into the great arena of the world, as apprentice to a tallow-chandler; and passed five long years beside the melting-tub and the dipping-frame, to his own improvement, and his master's satisfaction, who always prophesied that his industry would make him something. Talents, in any degree, he never could be said strictly to have exhibited; but he had early shown, what are of surer service to temporal advancement, industry, sobriety, and a patient temper. From his small allowance of board wages, something, even then, was contrived to be laid aside. "A pin a day's a groat a-year," Daniel considered a wholesome maxim. He was at length promoted to the degree of journeyman, and weekly spared from back and stomach to the increase of his treasury.

'He now consulted with his old mother on his plans in life; and the result of their deliberations was the taking a small cheap shop, and the appearance of Daniel Cathie, as tobacconist and tallow-chandler, on his own footing.

'Matters prospered, and he got on by slow but steady paces. Business began to extend its circle around him, and his customers became more respectable and genteel.

Old Mysie saw the prosperity of her son before she died. She had continued his house-keeper from the time of his commencing business; and he had always behaved towards her with the utmost filial respect. He parted from her, therefore, with sincere regret; but it was the will of Heaven, and he repined not at its decrees.

'In a short time, Daniel opened accounts with his banker. His establishment became more extensive; and, after the lapse of a few, not unimproved, years, he took his place in the first rank of the merchants of a populous burgh.

'Daniel now had discoveries made to him of many relatives, among people, who, before, had never thought of counting kin with him. This staggered him a little at first; but, as he held these matters lightly, he used jocularly to observe,—“Yes, yes, we are all descended from Adam.”

'His lengthening purse, and respectable character, pointed him out as a fit candidate for city honours, and the town-council pitched upon him as an eligible person to grace their board. Thus was a new field opened for him. His reasoning powers were publicly called into play; and he had, what he had never before been accustomed to, luxurious eating and drinking, and both without being obliged to put his hand into his breeches-pocket.'

For the courtship of this warm—not warm-hearted—trader with Mrs. Boulcer and Miss Jenny Drybones, we must refer our readers to the volume itself.

We give the following article on Napoleon entire, both as it is short and from the interest of the subject. We hardly know whether the ex-emperor's philosophizings at St. Helena have added much to the lustre of his character, whatever they may have done to its singularity.

'NAPOLEON.

'Among minds of that high order which, by their native greatness of power, whatever other condemnation may rest upon them, acquire a natural, and it must be said, a just ascendancy in human affairs, we find an example of the various combination of seemingly adverse endowments in one of which we ourselves have witnessed both the glory and the fall. He, who, but a few years ago, was master of a power before which Europe trembled, and who, by his own remarkable character, and by the singular influence which his genius and the state of the times concurred to give him over the affairs of the world, will always be one of the most conspicuous names in its history—has perplexed the judgments of men by the seeming inconsistencies of his character. To ambition of the most gigantic grasp, he united a quality of mind which seems quite at variance with it,—an anxious and even petty solicitude for the mere opinions of men. They are inconsistent, for they arise and are fostered in modes directly opposite. Ambition is nourished by that feeling out of which it grows, the consciousness of personal power. That consciousness, turning the mind to rest upon itself, should seem naturally to induce an indifference to the mere opinion of others;

and in the consistent greatness of superior minds, we have often occasion to observe that such is the process of nature. But in this instance it was otherwise; and that might before which mankind were awed and astonished, trembled in its turn before the breath of their opinion: a phenomenon singular, but not inexplicable, when we reflect that the consciousness of powers of one order still leaves the mind open to that suspicion of its own accomplishment in other respects, which is the natural source of anxiety for the favourable judgment of others,—the mind seeking in their testimony that assurance of its sufficiency which it finds not in itself, and dreading, in their censure, the confirmation of its own unfavourable self-judgment. It is true, that such an anxiety in a mind of superior power, however it may be explicable in nature, always appears to us unpardonable, as a littleness disparaging to that greatness of character which otherwise we are willing to allow; and our imagination, which always loves and desires to rest in the contemplation of greatness, is offended with the degrading fault, which throws it down from its pride of place, and compels the mind, reduced to the soberness of truth, to relinquish its hasty belief of an ideal grandeur in its object, and to acknowledge in him, who seemed already a hero, the weak humanity of our common nature.

'An apparent inconsistency, still more striking than this union of ambition with what must be called vanity, was the combination of the love of glory with the indifference even for the scorn of men. For if we were to read one part of the story of Napoleon, we should say that he was to be ranked among those, who, that they might leave a name sounding through the earth, have been reckless of the waste of human blood and of human happiness, and have set whatever else was offered to their own enjoyment, as a slight stake on the throw. Yet in those moments of critical emergency, on which the opinion of men turns in judging the claims that are made to their admiration of personal greatness, when the question comes, how much the candidate for glory is willing to offer up for it, in those great trials of personal greatness, it must be said that Napoleon disappointed their expectation. For the common expectation of men,—not merely of those who judge with an exalted and romantic enthusiasm of great actions, but of mankind at large, looking on with raised and ennobled feelings, no doubt, on the transaction of great events,—this general expectation appears to require, that those who have advanced themselves on the world as candidates for its highest applause, and have once preferred their claim to such admiration and such renown, should entertain so jealous a regard for the dignity of their own reputation, as to be ready at every moment to sacrifice to it every other consideration; and the man of this order seems to forfeit his entire title to their regard, if it appears that there is something which he prizes more dearly than his fame. When he, therefore, who had led the armies of Europe to his battles, had left them blasted and strewn

over the plains of the unconquerable North, and fled in solitary safety from the wreck he had made, he seemed to incur at once the full forfeiture of his renown. When in the latest struggle, to which, raising up his fallen fortunes, he had reanimated the nation which acknowledged his sway, he was once more, and for the last time, unfortunate, and again saw the heroic armament which fought his battle for empire and fame, shattered and dissolved,—when, from that last strife, he again fled and lived,—Napoleon flung from him with his own hand, the opinions of the world, which he had bought with the dedication of his life, with the fearlessness of crime, and with human desolation. Had he fallen with those who fell; had he made it apparent that he could not survive the grandeur he had reared; had he shown that he felt of himself as mankind felt of him, he would have satisfied the claims of their opinion. And though the sorrows of thousands of thousands of hearts,—though the execration of wrongs, unredressed and irreparable, must have gathered over the star of his fame, it would have looked, from the sky, fearful, though dimmed in its brightness.

'Such a desertion of cherished and dear-bought glory appears to us an inconsistency of character; for, what was now the sudden value of that life which had been proffered innumerable times to death for the acquisition of that uncertain fame, which was now unalterably secure, if life only had been given to ensure it? Or what was there to be obtained by living, of more value, than that which was to be lost by it?

'That last conspicuous act of a mind of many passions seems to show, that what had appeared to be its strongest was not its strongest desire; namely, the wonder and admiration of mankind: or, at least, if it was so, it was in a different form from that in which the passion has been commonly known. The heroic love of glory includes a lofty and generous sympathy with the spirits of those who yield their admiration, and the prospect of separation from that sympathy appears like the prospect of extinction. But, in this instance, it seems as if that astonishment, wonder, and fearful reverence, had been grateful only while they could be constantly enjoyed,—as if he who held them could be gratified only while he lived to know them,—and, as if, therefore, death was a yet more entire separation from his fame than an inglorious life. To those who aspire to fame, the prospect of a name which shall fill futurity is the most precious part of their celebrity,—such fame seems to them a life on which the grave cannot close. In the character of which we are speaking this seems reversed, and that greatness seems alone of price, which, living, he can know and enjoy. This, if true, appears to be the result of an habitual and paramount selfishness, which deliberately subjects and subdues everything to itself. For, in the true love of glory there is an entire sacrifice of self to an object which has become external to the mind. But here glory, however capacious, serves merely as the perishable food on which self feeds and lives. When he

first outlived his glory, it might be said, that Napoleon was a gamester who lived still for the political power which he might yet retain or renew. When he last fled from it, and had seen his whole might hopelessly shattered, it would seem he must have had no other object than to prolong that life to which alone the consciousness of the greatness he had held, and the wonders he had acted, was given.

'These inconsistencies may be explained in part, by considering how the same mind at different times is under the dominion of different passions, and in part by remembering the deception we fall under when we conceive of but as one feeling, that which in different minds bears the same name, because its general aspect is the same, though it may be compounded of very different elements.'

We have given such ample extracts, that although there are many other pieces from which we should be disposed to quote, particularly the stanzas on the death of Lord Byron, Miles Atherton, &c. we must stop. We cannot, however, refrain from quoting a passage or two from the article on antiquity:

'A Roman encampment, though it be now but a green mound, and was formerly the seat of mutiny, and, in fact, little better than a den of thieves, is more poetical than a modern barrack, though tenanted by brave Britons, the veterans of Egypt, or the medalists of Waterloo. What more prosaic than a halfpenny of the last coinage? You can in no ways put a sentiment into it, unless you give it to a child to buy sugar-plums, or to a beggar, in defiance of the vagrant laws and the mendicancy society. But let the grim visages and execrated names of Caligula or Nero be deciphered through the verdant veil of venerable verdigris, and the As-Denarius or Teruncius, (the classic simile for worthlessness,) becomes precious as Queen Anne's farthings, or the crooked sixpence that heretofore served for lovers' tokens. The spirit of ages invests them like a glory-cloud.

'Time is a mighty leveller; yea, oftentimes makes that most precious which originally was vilest. A manuscript of Bavius, preserved from the cinders of Herculaneum, or a copy of Zoilus, traced beneath the legend of some Grecian monk, would be prized by collectors far above Virgil or Aristotle. Numismatologists are far more indefatigable in pursuit of Othos than of Trajans or Antonines.'

'There is nothing in nature, however green and fresh, or perpetually reproduced, which may not be rendered antique by poetry and superstition. Is not the very ground of Palestine and Egypt hoary? Are not the Nile and Jordan ages upon ages elder than Little Muddy River, or Great, Big, Dry River, or Philosophy, Philanthropy, and Wisdom Rivers, which unite to form Jefferson River? (It is a burning shame that those Yankees should be permitted to nickname God's glorious creatures after this fashion.) The Jesuits have done something for the Orellana; but even Mississippi (notwithstanding Mr. Law and his scheme) is yet in its minority. By the way, bubbles and stock-jobbing have nothing antique about them.'

'The Catholic religion is an antiquity; and this makes it, with all its imperfections, a gentlemanly mode of faith. It respects other antiquities. The Puritans, on the other hand, who, not to speak it profanely, were not gentlemen, had an odd perverse antipathy to every thing that reminded them of times when they were not. They would not have spared a Madonna of Raphael. They would have made lime of the Apollo Belvidere, and plastered a conventicle with the Venus de Medicis.'

We now take our leave of Janus till next year, when we hope to meet him again, and find him as full both of information and entertainment. May his career, so happily commenced, prove a prosperous one; and may we all live to see a long series of his annual tomes on our shelves.

The Duties of a Lady's Maid; with Directions for Conduct, and Numerous Receipts for the Toilette. 12mo. pp. 326. London, 1825. Bulcock.

It is one of the peculiar features of the present age, that there is no study without a treatise upon it, and no trade or occupation without a code of instructions for its execution; we have *scientific* journals of science and rules for promoting it, works devoted expressly for the working classes, essays on farming and farriery; complete cooks, confectioners, oracles for cooks, directions for making a complete governess, &c. We have specifics for making a clever lacquey in the Footman's Directory, and though last, not least, we have now before us, not the whole duty of man—but the Duties of a Lady's Maid. Should there be any class of persons not yet sufficiently provided with a manual of instructions for their conduct in life, they will soon be gratified, for, we understand, the author of that excellent little work, the Golden Rules for Jurymen, intends to extend it to rules for sovereigns, senators, and subjects, whatever may be their profession or rank in life.

We—unskilled as we must be supposed to be in the art and mystery of a lady's maid, open this book with some degree of diffidence, half wishing, as Archbishop Tillotson did of a certain creed, that we were fairly rid of it. Having, however, proceeded thus far, we shall endeavour to exemplify the duties of a lady's maid, as pointed out by the author.

In the first place, the lady's maid is to be religious. Now we have heard of a sanctimonious grocer advertising for a porter, who was to fear the Lord, and be able to carry three hundred weight; but we never heard of a pious lady's maid: perhaps that is the reason why the author makes it the first requisite. The observations on religion, are, however, written in a true Christian spirit.

The next duties inculcated are honesty, diligence, economy, attention, good temper, and civility, and the avoiding of familiarity with superiors. Now comes the grand test of a lady's maid—she must keep family secrets. What! may she not tell her dear friend, Mrs. A., that my young lady has a lover, or that madame and her spouse are sometimes at cross purposes? No; this

rigid lawgiver on ladies' maids will not allow any tattle of this sort, but, after laying down the law on the subject, supports it by the following observations and authorities:—

'Have neither eyes, ears, nor understanding for what your mistress tries to conceal from you; there is nothing will sooner make you feared, distrusted, and ruined.

'Sedeneus, a valiant prince, being discomfited in battle, was compelled to disguise himself and escape with few attendants. After wandering awhile in the desert, he chanced upon a poor cottage, where he asked for a morsel of bread and water. The cottager, knowing him to be the king, showed him all kindness and courtesy, and conducted him on the way he wished to go. On departing, the king said "farewell, mine host," and the cottager replied, "God save you, my prince." But this gave great uneasiness to the king, and fearing lest he might be discovered, he sent back one of his attendants to kill the cottager, as the only means of secrecy.

'She who trusts another with a secret, makes herself a slave; but all who are so bound are impatient to redeem their lost liberty.

'As it is not prudent to listen to a secret of importance, so it may often lead to the ruin of the person who hears it, to discover it. King Lysimachus professed great kindness for Philippides, the comedian, and demanded what he should bestow on him. "Whatever," said Philippides, "pleases your majesty, provided it be not a secret."

'Cardinal Richelieu having a great esteem for a young person, intrusted him with several affairs of importance; but one day found him reading some private papers left on his table, and immediately dismissed him.—Never read any papers which do not belong to you.

'Nobody ever repented of having kept silence, but many of not having done so; and when once the words have been said, it is impossible to recall them. "Into the shut mouth," saith the Spanish proverb, "a fly never enters."

'So well aware was the philosopher Pythagoras, of the importance of secrecy in servants, that one of his maxims was, "Never entertain a swallow under your roof;" that is, admit no one into your house who is talkative, or cannot keep a secret.

'A person without secrecy is an open letter, which every one may read.

'Those who tell all they know will often be tempted to tell what they do not know.

'Be like a spring lock, readier to shut than to open.

'Never communicate any thing which may prejudice you if it were discovered, and not benefit any one to whom you disclose it.

'Secrecy is the key of prudence, and the sanctuary of wisdom.

'Secrecy and celerity are the two hinges on which all great actions turn.

'As you act towards your employers, act on the same principles towards your fellow servants; and if you happen to learn any of their little secrets keep them in the same manner inviolable.'

The lady's maid is next cautioned against vanity in dress, vulgar speaking, changing her place, &c.; and the instructions terminate with what most ladies' maids would wish them to have begun—namely, courtship: as this subject is very important, and the advice brief, we shall quote it:—

'If you should have any proposals of marriage made to you when in place, beware of carrying on any secret correspondence, or of stolen assignations; for if these are discovered by the family, and it will be next to impossible to conceal them—your character may suffer. It will be much better to muster courage to tell your mistress at once, and if she is a prudent and reasonable woman, she will not refuse her sanction, provided she be satisfied of the honourable intentions and respectability of your lover, of which also she will probably be a better judge than you, and may save you from an improper connection, or aid you in establishing yourself respectably. By acting in this manner, you will be safer, and your character will not suffer, whereas the concealment of such things often leads to many bad consequences.'

To the duties we have mentioned, and which occupy the first one hundred and thirty pages of the work, are added, 'duties of knowledge and art'; these consist of a taste in the colours of dress, and some useful receipts for the toilette. From this part we shall quote directions for care of the wardrobe, and the method of taking out stains:—

'As you will be intrusted with the charge of keeping your lady's dresses, it will be requisite that you carefully examine every article which has been worn, before you place it in the wardrobe, to see whether it has been soiled, or received any stain. If the weather be dusty, the dress ought to be wiped with a silk handkerchief; if stained, or otherwise soiled, you must have recourse to some of the following methods:—

'If a silk or a cotton dress have been stained with grease, a very excellent method of removing the spots, without taking out the colour, is to grate raw potatoes to a pulp, in clean water, and pass the liquid through a coarse sieve, into another vessel of water; let the mixture stand till the fine white particles of the potatoes have fallen to the bottom; then pour the liquor off clear, and bottle it for use. Dip a sponge in the liquor and apply it to the spot till it disappears; then wash it in clean water several times. Two middle-sized potatoes will be enough for a pint of water. Be very careful not to wet more of a dress than is necessary, as some delicate colours will look slightly marked even with clean water; and I have known a very costly dress more spoiled by mismanagement in the taking out of the stain than by the stain itself. Spirits of turpentine you will find as effectual for the same purpose as any thing you can try. Apply it to the spot with a clean sponge, and rub it with a dry linen rag till the spots disappear, which will very soon be the case, as the turpentine quickly evaporates. You need not, therefore, be sparing of it, as it will not spoil the most delicate co-

lour, and its effects are certain. It may be used for articles of all descriptions. A little essence of lemons will prevent all smell from the turpentine.

'Another method of taking out grease spots is, to powder a quantity of French chalk, and mix it with lavender water, or with turpentine, to make a paste about as thick as table mustard, a little of which is to be put upon the stain; over which a piece of blotting paper is to be laid and run over with a hot smoothing iron: or, a little piece of the dry powder may be placed on the stained part, which is then to be put on a pewter or tin pot filled with boiling water. This will melt the grease, which will be dried up by the powder, and may then be brushed off.

'In putting away furs, or any articles made of woollen, for the summer, it is necessary for you to be aware that they are liable to be injured by the grub, or caterpillar of a small moth, which lives upon these as its food. Valuable articles are frequently, by this means, rendered entirely useless. A little bit of camphor, or a piece of tallow candle, will be the best means of preventing such accidents. You must likewise take care that the things be quite dry when put away, and that the place where they are kept is free from damp; otherwise, they may mould, mildew, or rot. Taking them out occasionally during summer, and exposing them to the sun on a fine day, will be advantageous to prevent this.'

THE RAMBLES OF ASMODEUS.

NO. XXXII.

THE sight of your index for the volume just completed, Mr. Editor, has filled me with shame and contrition. With a vanity from which even personages of my rank are not exempt, I first turned to my own name, and found that I had only sent you ten Rambles in the course of the whole year, and that a year too which seems to have been a week longer than usual, for I count fifty-three Literary Chronicles in it, and consequently there must have been fifty-three Saturdays. I resolved forthwith to atone for past neglect by future exertion. Before, however, I commence those authentic accounts of passing events, which, in after ages, must be referred to as materials for history, I will take a retrospective view of the past, thinking with the song that—

'It is well to be merry and wise;
It is well to be loyal and true;
It is well to be off with the old year,
Before we are on with the new.'

In *January*, we find the pope issuing a bull, which wipes off all crimes, on condition of the offenders attending church a certain number of times, and yet few persons will purchase the privilege for the penalty; which is less extraordinary than that O'Connell and Sir Harcourt Lees—a Catholic and a Protestant bigot, should not be tried for sedition when prosecuted, when every person who reads their speeches and letters must be convinced that they commit it daily. Some houses covering St. Bride's Church are burnt down, and the infidel publications of Carlile find a sanctuary in the church. The King

of Sicily and Wewitzer the comedian both die—or rather a simpleton and a clever man pair off, as is sometimes done in a certain chapel, which shall be nameless. Pope Leo XII., who is a connoisseur in ladies' dresses, issues a bull to compel women to have longer petticoats or shorter legs, and the Surrey magistrates declare that the best step in life a woman can take is at the tread mill.

N. B. In this month an alderman's horns were declared worth £400 each; this is a great price, and only one person was found Kee(a)n enough to pay it.

February, the month of few days, opening of Parliament; Valentines, and consequent death of twopenny postmen; saw Miss Foote recover £3000 for the loss of a worthless husband, and the reparation of a virtue he did not possess. John Quinsey Adams elected president of the United States, and General Jackson, the American Hannibal, laid up with a sore throat, occasioned by opposing him. The town of St. Thomas destroyed by fire—creating a loss of a million and a half; and the arrival of the Catholic deputies, to the ruin of the Catholic question. Modern education exemplified in the death of the Hon. T. Ashley Cooper, in a pugilistic contest at Eton School.

March, among other things, produced another instance of the improved character of our public schools, by the punishment of a poor blacksmith who had the audacity to resist the breaking of his windows and his son's head at Harrow. The destruction of the Kent East Indiaman, when eighty-five persons were drowned, excites much more sympathy than the earthquake at Algiers, in which fifteen thousand persons perished, and no wonder, for what are the lives of a thousand infidels to that of one Christian? The first stone of the Thames Tunnel—the greatest bore in London, as Mr. Canning calls it—laid. Mr. Maberley's motion, to repeal the whole of the assessed taxes, rejected, because it did not suit the House of Commons. An unlawful society bill passed the legislature. A new scheme for a Fowl Company is brought in; but the brokers declare that there are too many foul companies already, and that the public is sufficiently plucked, adding that the new project would not feather their nests. The bulls of the Stock Exchange will not bear the intrusion of Mr. Harrild, and toss him out. Lord Kircudbright fined 12s. for breaking the windows of a lady's drawing-room. N. B. This is the first affair of gallantry in which 'my lord' was ever engaged.

April—who comes 'with his hack and his bill, and sets a flower on every hill,' in the country, as the adage tells us, witnessed the conviction of Savery, of Bristol, for forgery, Whig dinners to the great historian, Sir James Mackintosh, and Mr. Brougham, at Glasgow and Edinburgh; the conviction of Probert for horse-stealing, who ought to have been hung for the murder of Weare, a year before. The Rev. Robert Taylor, who had written a defence of one of Carlile's shopmen, which caused him to be sentenced to three years' imprisonment, in a fit of remorse, writes a letter to Mr. Secretary Peel, acknowledging his

crime, and praying the liberation of the victim he had been the means of punishing. Mr. Scarlett presented a petition from the English bar in favour of the Roman Catholics. Query. Were the gentlemen of the long robe feed on the occasion? Sir John Sinclair, who devours more farinaceous food than any half-dozen of his Majesty's liege subjects, urges landholders to petition against any alteration in the corn laws. The Duke of York, after swearing by G—, in the House of Lords, that he will oppose all concessions to the Roman Catholics, sought to forget his rash vow, by a visit, the same evening, to Covent Garden Theatre.

May, the 'gaudy Queen' of Months, that in the country

'From her greet lap throws

The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose,' in town affords the poor chimney sweep the only happy day he has in the year. Poor Mr. Taylor of the King's Theatre, who was so often in hot Waters in Chancery, and Sir John Cox Hipposley, died this month. The first stone of a new bridge at Hammersmith very properly laid by the Duke of Sussex, who is the first [free] mason in the country. The prayer-book of King Charles the First sold for 100 guineas; had the unfortunate monarch died in his bed, it would not have fetched 100 shillings. The King of France crowned, and an *auto da fe* of some hundred birds celebrated at the time in the cathedral at Rheims. The sum of £2000 granted to Mr. M'Adam, for pulverizing granite into dusty or dirty roads—an instance of the wanton extravagance of Parliament. Mr. O'Connell's attempt to buy a silk gown, by the sacrifice of forty thousand Irish freeholders, defeated in Parliament; the Roman Catholic Relief Bill passed in the House of Commons—and—rejected in the House of Lords, principally by the Duke of York, whose bravery and tactics on the occasion surprised all the world. A young preaching lady proved herself more attractive than a whole *corps dramatique*, by filling the Caledonian Theatre to such an excess that the seats cracked where only jokes were cracked before. Lieut. Graham sentenced to four months' imprisonment for posting Lord Harborough; the gallant son of Neptune was himself soon afterwards posted—in the navy:—

'Thus should desert in arms be crowned.' The journeymen tailors in London strike, on account of work being given to women,—*manly fellows!* A calculation made, by which it appears that it would require forty-eight years to get through all the business at present before the Court of Chancery. Cumberland Gardens burnt, and the character of Lord Charles Somerset *singed* in Parliament. Such were the principal doings in the 'merry month' of May 1825; here, however I must close; and, for the present, defer the conclusion of this chronological and historical Ramble of

ASMODEUS.

P. S. I am this moment called to St. Petersburg, where state affairs require my presence. You shall hear from me, and learn the true history of the *apparent* coquetry between Nick (not my son), and Const (not the magistrate.)

MOUSTACHE.

Arma Canemque Cano.

'Montaigne has given a whole essay to war-horses, and celebrated, with his usual talent, the prowess of the various steeds who have, in different ages of the world, "done the state some service," not merely by bearing their masters through the field of battle, but by exerting a pugnacious prowess separately and distinctly their own. If he had lived in our time he would not assuredly have grudged a page or two to Moustache.

'Moustache was born at Falaise, in Normandy, as nearly as can be ascertained, in or about the month of September, 1799. The family being numerous, he was sent, at the age of six months, to Caen, to push his own fortunes, and was received into the house of an eminent grocer, where he was treated in the kindest manner.

'But, strolling about the town one day, not long after his arrival, he happened to come upon the parade of a company of grenadiers who had just received the route for Italy. They were brilliantly equipped,—their spirits were high,—and their drums loud. Moustache was fired on the instant with a portion of their fine enthusiasm. He cut the grocer for ever, slunk quietly out of the town, and joined the grenadiers ere they had marched an hour.

'He was dirty—he was tolerably ugly—but there was an intelligence, a sparkle, a brightness about his eye that could not be overlooked. "We have not a single dog in the regiment," said the petit tambour, "and, at any rate, he looks as if he could forage for himself." The drum-major, having his pipe in his mouth, nodded assent; and Moustache attached himself to the band.

'The recruit was soon found to be possessed of considerable tact, and even talent. He already fetched and carried to admiration. Ere three weeks were over he could not only stand with as erect a back as any private in the regiment, but shoulder his musket, act sentinel, and keep time in the march. He was a gay soldier, and of course lived from paw to mouth; but, long ere they reached the Alps, Moustache had contrived to cultivate a particular acquaintance with the messman of his company,—a step which he had no occasion to repent.

'He endured the fatigues of Mont St. Bernard with as good grace as any veteran in the army, and they were soon at no great distance from the enemy. Moustache by this time had become quite familiar with the sound not only of drums, but of musketry; and even seemed to be inspired with new ardour as he approached the scene of action.

'The first occasion on which he distinguished himself was this:—His regiment being encamped on the heights above Alexandria, a detachment of Austrians, from the vale of Belbo, were ordered to attempt a surprise, and marched against them during the night. The weather was stormy, and the French had no notion any Austrians were so near them. Human suspicion, in short, was asleep, and the camp in danger. But Moustache was on the alert; walking his rounds, as usual, with his nose in the air, he soon

detected the greasy Germans. Their knapsacks, full of sourcrout and rancid cheese, betrayed them to his sagacity. He gave the alarm, and these foul feeders turned tail immediately,—a thing Moustache never did.

'Next morning it was resolved, *nem. com.* that Moustache had deserved well of his country. The Greeks would have voted him a statue; the Romans would have carried him in triumph, like the geese of the capitol. But Moustache was hailed with a more sensible sort of gratitude. He would not have walked three yards, poor fellow, to see himself cast in plaster; and he liked much better to tread on his own toes than to be carried breast high on the finest hand-barrow that ever came out of the hands of the carpenter. The colonel put his name on the roll—it was published in a regimental order, that he should henceforth receive the ration of a grenadier *per diem*—and Moustache was "*le plus heureux des chiens*."

'He was now cropped *à la militaire*,—a collar, with the name of the regiment, was hung round his neck, and the barber had orders to comb and shave him once a-week.

'From this time Moustache was certainly a different animal. In fact, he became so proud, that he could scarcely pass any of his canine brethren without lifting his leg.

'In the mean time, a skirmish occurred, in which Moustache had a new opportunity of showing himself. It was here that he received his first wound,—it, like all the rest, was in front. He received the thrust of a bayonet in his left shoulder, and with difficulty reached the rear. The regimental surgeon dressed the wound which the Austrian steel had inflicted. Moustache suffered himself to be treated *secundum artem*, and remained in the same attitude, during several entire days, in the infirmary.

'He was not yet perfectly restored when the great battle of Marengo took place. Lame as he was, he could not keep away from so grand a scene. He marched, always keeping close to the banner, which he had learned to recognise among a hundred; and like the fifer of the great Gustavus, who whistled all through the battle of Lutzen, Moustache never gave over barking until evening closed upon the combatants of Marengo.

'The sight of the bayonets was the only thing that kept him from rushing personally upon the Austrians; but his good fortune at last presented him with an occasion to do something. A certain German corporal had a large pointer with him, and this rash animal dared to show itself in advance of the ranks. To detect him—to jump upon him—and to seize him by the throat—all this was, on the part of Moustache, only a *mouvement à la Française*. The German, being strong and bulky, despised to flinch, and a fierce struggle ensued. A musket-ball interrupted them; the German dog fell dead on the spot; and Moustache, after a moment of bewilderment, put up his paw, and discovered that he had lost an ear. He was puzzled for a little, but soon regained the line of his regiment; and, Victory having soon after shown herself a faithful goddess, ate his sup-

per among his comrades with an air of satisfaction that spoke plainer than words,—“When posterity talk of Moustache, it will be said, that dog also was at Marengo.”

‘I think it has already been observed, that Moustache owned no particular master, but considered himself as the dog of the whole regiment. In truth, he had almost an equal attachment for every one that wore the French uniform, and a sovereign contempt to boot for every thing in plain clothes. Trades-people and their wives were dirt in his eyes, and whenever he did not think himself strong enough to attack a stranger, he ran away from him.

‘He had a quarrel with his grenadiers, who, being in garrison, thought fit to chain Moustache to a sentry-box. He could not endure this, and took the first opportunity to escape to a body of chasseurs, who treated him with more respect.

‘The sun of Austerlitz found him with his chasseurs. In the heat of the action he perceived the ensign who bore the colours of his regiment surrounded by a detachment of the enemy. He flew to his rescue—barked like ten furies—did every thing he could to encourage the young officer—but all in vain. The gentleman sunk, covered with a hundred wounds; but not before, feeling himself about to fall, he had wrapt his body in the folds of the standard. At that moment the cry of victory reached his ear: he echoed it with his last breath, and his generous soul took its flight to the abode of heroes. Three Austrians had already bit the dust under the sword of the ensign, but five or six still remained about him, resolved not to quit it until they had obtained possession of the colours he had so nobly defended. Moustache, meanwhile, had thrown himself on his dead comrade, and was on the point of being pierced with half-a-dozen bayonets when the fortune of war came to his relief. A discharge of grape-shot swept the Austrians into oblivion. Moustache missed a paw, but of that he thought nothing. The moment he perceived that he was delivered from his assailants, he took the staff of the French banner in his teeth, and endeavoured all he could to disengage it. But the poor ensign had gripped it so fast in the moment of death, that it was impossible for him to get it out of his hands. The end of it was, that Moustache tore the silk from the cane, and returned to the camp limping, bleeding, and laden with this glorious trophy.

‘Such an action merited honours; nor were they denied. The old collar was taken from him, and General Lannes ordered a red riband to replace it, with a little copper-medal, on which were inscribed these words.—“Il perdit une jambe a la bataille d’Austerlitz, et sauva le drapeau de son regiment.” On the reverse:—“Moustache, chien Français: qu’il soit partout respecté et cheri comme un brave.” Meantime it was found necessary to amputate the shattered limb. He bore the operation without a murmur, and limped with the air of a hero.

‘As it was very easy to know him by his collar and medal, orders were given, that at whatever mess he should happen to present

himself, he should be welcomed *en camarade*; and thus he continued to follow the army. Having but three paws and one ear, he could lay small claims to the name of a beauty; nevertheless, he had his little affairs of the heart. Faithful in every thing to the character of a French soldier, Moustache was volatile, and found as many new mistresses as quarters.

‘At the battle of Essling, he perceived a vidette of his own species; it was a poodle. Moustache rushed to the combat; but O tender surprise! the poodle was a ———. More happy than Tancred, who had not wit enough to recognise his Clorinda, Moustache, in a single instant, found his martial ardour subside into transports of another description. In a word, he seduced the fair enemy, who deserted with him to the French camp, where she was received with every consideration.

‘This attachment lasted the best part of a year. Moustache appeared before his comrades in the new capacity of a father; and the Moll Flagons of the regiment took great care of his offspring. Moustache seemed to be happy. His temper was acquiring a softer character. But one day a chasseur, mistaking his dog no doubt, hit him a chance blow with the flat side of his sabre. Moustache, piqued to the heart, deserted, abandoning at once his regiment and his family. He attached himself to some dragoons, and followed them into Spain.

‘He continued to be infinitely useful in these new campaigns. He was always first up and first dressed. He gave notice the moment any thing struck him as suspicious; he barked at the least noise, except during night-marches, when he received a hint that secrecy was desirable. At the affair of the Sierra-Morena, Moustache gave a signal proof of his zeal and skill, by bringing home in safety to the camp the horse of a dragoon who had had the misfortune to be killed. How he had managed it no one could tell exactly; but he limped after him into the camp; and the moment he saw him in the hands of a soldier, turned and flew back to the field.

‘Moustache was killed by a cannon-ball, on the 11th of March, 1811, at the taking of Badajoz. He was buried on the scene of his last glories, collar, medal, and all. A plain stone served him for a monument; and the inscription was simply,—

“CY GIT LE BRAVE MOUSTACHE.”

‘The French historian of Moustache adds, but we hope without sufficient authority, that the Spaniards afterwards broke the stone, and that the bones of the hero were burnt by order of the Inquisition.’—*Janus*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FAREWELL TO SCOTLAND: A SONG.

AIR—*Kinloch.*

LOVED land of my kindred! farewell—and for ever!

O! what can relief to the bosom impart,
When fated with each fond endearment to sever,
And hope its sweet sunshine withholds from the heart?

Farewell, thou fair land! which till life’s pulse shall perish,

Though forced to forego, I will never forget;
Wherever I wander for thee will I cherish
The dearest regard and the deepest regret.

Farewell, ye great Grampians! blue hills of bell heather,

Ye melt in my sight like your mists in the sun;

Farewell your fir-forests, no winter can either
The range of the roebuck dart-footed and dun,

Ah! never again shall the falls of your fountains

Their wild murmured music awake on my ear;

No more the lake’s lustre that mirrors your mountains

I’ll mark ’neath the moonbeam so calm and so clear.

Yet—yet Caledonia, when slumber steals o’er me,

O! oft may I dream of thee far—far away,
But vain are the visions that rapture restore me,

To waken and weep at the dawn of the day!
Ere gone the last glimpse faint and far o’er the ocean,

Where still my heart dwells—where it ever will dwell,

While the tongue and the tear speak my spirit’s emotion,

My country! my kindred! farewell—oh! farewell!

IMLAH.

ANACREONTIC TO BACCHUS.

‘No dithyrambic poet thou,
Unless with wine thy goblets flow.’

ANON. MS.

GIVE me more wine! I madly cried,
I feel a gloom o’erspread my brow;
Wine has of yore man’s grief defied—
Why should it not defy it now?

Give me more wine! I’ve half forgot
’Tis mine life’s load of woe to share—
How doubly blest that mortal’s lot
Who has but wine to banish care!

Be then that spell, Lyæus, mine!
On Afric’s or on Europe’s shore,
With flowers I’ll crown, dear god, thy shrine,
Nor heed old Ocean’s loudest roar.

By thee inspired, the song I’ll frame,
For thou hast warm’d thy poet’s soul;
Far climes shall sound Lyæus’ name,
The monarch of the mantling bowl.

H. B.

THE DRAMA,

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

KING’S THEATRE.—This theatre opened on Saturday night with the favourite opera of *Il Crociato in Egitto*, when several new performers were introduced to a British audience, particularly Mademoiselle Bonini, who possesses a voice of great sweetness and flexibility; she sung with much taste, and was rapturously applauded. A Mademoiselle Carnega also made a favourable debut. Velluti was in very fine voice, and executed his part in a masterly manner. Some other favourites were well received. A new ballet by M. D’Egville followed; and the whole of the performances passed off extremely well. The orchestra of this theatre is very strong the present season; and, as Mr. Ebers has begun with such spirit, we trust he will be successful.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.—Liston and Miss Stephens are carrying all before them at this theatre; the former, in the play of the *Hypocrite*, in which he is ably supported by Dowton, draws crowded houses every night it is performed; and in operas, Miss Stephens and Sinclair, with the other vocalists, present a rich treat to the lovers of music. Some of our readers may perhaps recollect that we have more than once recommended Elliston to play Sir John Falstaff, and we now understand that he is studying the character.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—A 'gentleman,' not so called in contradistinction to other performers, for they are of course 'all honorable men,' appeared on Monday night, at this theatre, in the character of Macbeth, and we thank him for it—not for the talents he displayed, though we have seen the character worse performed, but for it affording us an opportunity of seeing Miss Lacy in Lady Macbeth, which she sustained with great ability; there was a fearful energy and earnestness in her acting, which strongly reminded us of Mrs. Siddons.

Sheridan's admirable comic opera of the *Duenna* was performed on Thursday evening, when Mr. C. Bland, a son of the celebrated syren, Mrs. Bland, appeared in the character of Don Carlos. He has a fine, clear, and powerful voice, which combines strength with sweetness; his articulation is peculiarly distinct; and he promises to be a first-rate singer. The song, 'Sure such a pair,' was sung with admirable humour, and was rapturously encored. Miss Paton, in Clara, was, as usual, excellent; and the other characters were well sustained.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

The Spaniards assert that the art of instructing the deaf and dumb, which has been brought to such great perfection in modern times, was first taught in Spain by a monk so early as the twelfth century.

Steam Engine.—Some documents have recently been discovered among the archives in Spain, which are intended for publication, and, upon their authority, a claim is advanced to the invention and use of steam, as at present known in other countries, and which, according to these documents, was first known and practised in the Peninsula in the sixteenth century. Whatever may be the grounds upon which to rest the claim, Mr. Alexander H. Everett, the American minister at the court of Madrid, has judged the discovery sufficiently important to endeavour to procure a copy of the documents in order to send them to the United States, previous to their publication in Madrid.

Mr. Ramage, the optician of Aberdeen, has arrived in town, and brought with him his large reflecting telescope, which is to be fixed in the Greenwich Observatory, where it is to be exhibited to men of science in a short time. Its size is much smaller than the great reflecting telescope of Herschel, but its power is, we understand, considerably greater. All the motions in Ramage's telescope are produced in the simplest manner, by means of a few cords; yet it is perfectly

steady and free from tremour, and may be managed by the observer without an assistant, almost as easily as a three-feet acromatic telescope. When the observer is in the gallery, he is able to keep the object a long time in view, as the telescope may sweep backward and forward ten degrees, and he may elevate or depress it with one hand, by means of a winch at the side.

A new species of self-impelling carriage has been invented by a M. Barret of Lyons, which is capable of performing a distance of one hundred and twenty leagues in fifteen hours. It was lately exhibited at Lyons by M. Barret, who went in it from his own house, in the Place des Celestins, to the Porte St. Clair. The carriage rests upon three wheels; one of these is placed in front, and acts as a sort of rudder to regulate the motions of the vehicle. A person sitting in the body of the carriage sets the two greater wheels in motion, by means of his feet, which he strikes alternately against a piece of mechanism formed in the interior. The carriage, by each stroke, is made to perform a distance of sixteen feet, from which the whole distance can be easily calculated. The most remarkable part of this invention is, that the person who regulates the movements of the directing wheel, or rudder, has it in his power to turn the carriage round, and give it a contrary direction, whenever he pleases.

The castor oil plant (*palma Christi*.) is indigenous to southern Africa, and is found in abundance in most parts of this colony. It may be useful to some persons in remote situations to know, that the safe and valuable medicine which this plant produces is readily obtained by the following simple process:—The ripe seeds are cleared from the husks, well stamped in a mortar, and then boiled in water till the oil rises to the surface. This is carefully skimmed off; but, as some water will be still mixed with the oil, it is necessary to boil it over again in an iron pot, until the water be thoroughly expelled by evaporation. This method of obtaining castor oil is practised with perfect success by the Moravian missionaries at Gnadonthal, who also use indiscriminately the seeds of the different varieties of the plant found in that vicinity, without perceiving any difference in the quality of the oil.—*South African Advertiser*.

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

Cervantes.—The name Cervantes is a corruption of Servandus, a saint and martyr, son of St. Marcellus, the centurion. It is remarkable that Cervantes and Shakspeare died on the same day.

Sheridan, in the latter part of his life, often changed his town residence. In the extensive circle of his political friends, there was always some one who felt a pride and a pleasure in offering him the accommodation of his house during a temporary absence. From an indolence or carelessness of habit, a prominent foible in this extraordinary man, the proprietor, more than in one instance, has felt some inconvenience in recovering the

occupation of his house. Upon one of these occasions, a friend who was in the habit of arranging matters of this kind, frankly told him his want of punctuality obliged him to adopt a new course: that Sir ——— had offered his house for six months, but as he was responsible for the fulfilment of the conditions, he (Mr. Sheridan) must undertake to quit on a certain day, and failing to do so, must allow him to carry him out, and that this proceeding should give no offence, or cause any difference in their friendship. Mr. Sheridan accepted the terms, and entered into possession. The day to quit, however, at length approached, and his friend suggested that it was time to look out for a new residence. This hint was repeated, and the answer always the same—'Oh, it is time enough; I shall suit myself to-morrow.' The to-morrow, however, never came, and the friend with some assistance, felt himself obliged to enforce the condition, and actually carried him out of the house, locking the door after him. This awkward circumstance did not ruffle the temper of Mr. Sheridan, nor did he express the slightest displeasure at the conduct of his friend. It was in this way he entered in the occupation of Mr. Ironmonger's house, at Leatherhead, which he retained during his illness, although resident in London, and of which Bob Farebrother, his factotum, and some of his servants, kept possession even after his death.

Singular Petition in India.—The humble petition of Saddoo Dirwan, your humble servant and Bheestee:—

'Humbly sheweth,—That your petitioner did work, with bag upon shoulder, for to bring water for your worthy worship at your house, for washing every thing, and putting water in gamlah and all jars; and your worship's Sircar not paying to your servant, and humble petitioner, his wages, for one month, and for eighteen days, which your worship will please to order the Sircar to discharge poor petitioner's salt for the amount due to him, for the above period, and your petitioner, as in duty bound, will ever pray for your health, long life, and prosperity for ever.'

Transplanting Trees.—The king of the Adites, in Thalaba, removes a full grown forest to his garden of Irem; but why—

—should the king

Wait for slow Nature's work?

Where romancers and novelists stop short of positive miracle, their most extraordinary inventions are paralleled or exceeded by the history of real life. The Czar Peter did the same thing as Shedad, and his method may be recommended to our nabobs who want trees about their mansions, and can afford to pay for the removal of live timber. They were dug up in winter with plenty of earth about their roots, which being frozen, did not drop off. It would be advisable to dig round them before the frost set in. Care should be taken to replant the tree in the same position as that in which it grew; if its southern side be turned to the north, it will have new habits to learn, and may die before it has acquired them.

St. Andrew's Cross.—St. Andrew's Cross

is, as is well known, always represented in the shape of the letter X; but that this is an error, ecclesiastical historians prove by appealing to the cross itself on which he suffered, which St. Stephen of Burgundy gave to the convent of St. Victor, near Marseilles, and which, like the common cross, is rectangular. The cause of the error is thus explained:—when the apostle suffered, the cross, instead of being fixed upright, rested on its foot and arm, and in this posture he was fastened to it; his hands to one arm and the head, his feet to the other arm and the foot, and his head in the air.

Royal Bon Mot.—The king, on hearing some one declare that Moore had murdered Sheridan, observed, 'I won't say that Mr. Moore has murdered Sheridan, but he has certainly attempted his life.'—*Lond. Mag.*

Literary Stratagem.—A French wit, finding his merit beginning to wane in the public opinion, and dreading from criticism an additional blow to a victim already staggering in reputation, he betook himself to a strange expedient in order at once to retrieve his character and replenish his pockets. He buried himself in a remote province, and engaged in an ironmonger's shop. The muse, who already owed to the anvil the science of music in the case of Pythagoras, did not desert him; he composed three large volumes of poetry and essays, which he published as the works of a 'journeyman blacksmith.' The bait caught—all France was in amazement; the poems of this 'child of nature,' this 'unnurtured genius,' were in the hands of every one. In short, this stratagem filled the pockets of the poor bard, who enjoyed the deceit with rapture, and laughed at the public.

Finance.—The Germans formerly connected a very bad sense with the word finance, using it in common as synonymous with all kinds of low cunning, artifice, hurtful devices, and deceitful usury, practised by avaricious people, for the purpose of increasing their wealth. In this sense it occurs in the Theuerdank in an edition printed at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, in 1553. Hans Sachs used the words *wucher*, (usury,) *schindereg*, (extortion,) and *finance*, as synonyms; and Sebastian Brand, in his *Narrenschiff*, says,—

Wuchse das Laub und auch das Gras,
Als Untreu, Finantz, Neid und Hasz,
So pätten die Schaafe und die Rinder
Hewr dis Jahr ein guten Winter.

that is, 'If leaves did thrive as well as treachery, finance, envy, and hatred, then would the oxen and the sheep this year have a good winter.'

Finanzen signified, to practise usury, or to amass money in any other mean and unjust manner; and Frisch, in his glossary, says, 'By financiers, we mean people who cheat others, by selling to them coloured and base goods.'

Alexander Nequam, a good grammarian,

and a writer of Latin poetry, was bred at the university of Paris; and when he desired to be re-admitted into St. Alban's Priory, the abbot answered, '*Si bonus sis venias, si nequam nequaquam.*' Displeased at this allusion, he soon after called himself Neckham.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
Jan. 6	36	38	35	29 77	Cloudy.
.... 7	37	34	34	.. 83	Do.
.... 8	31	32	28	.. 98	Snow.
.... 9	26	27	24	.. 99	Fair.
.... 10	24	30	28	.. 76	Do.
.... 11	29	32	25	.. 76	Do.
.... 12	24	28	26	.. 72	Do.

Works just published.—The Punster's Pocket-Book, 8vo. 9s.—German Popular Stories, vol. 2, 7s.—Schrevelin's Greek and English Lexicon, 8vo. 16s. 6d.—Letters on Fashionable Amusements, 18mo. 2s.—Mémirs de Madame de Genlis, tomes 7 and 8, 14s.—The Rebel, 14s.—Hall's Medical Essays, 8vo. 4s.—Kirby and Spence's Etymology, vols. 3 and 4, 2l. 2s.—Sudemann's Anatomy of the Brain, 8vo. 12s.

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Albemarle Street, Dec. 29, 1825.

On Wednesday, the 25th January, 1826, Mr. Murray will commence the publication of a Daily Morning Newspaper,

THE REPRESENTATIVE.

Advertisements, and Communications for the Editor, to be sent to No. 50, Albemarle Street, until the 25th of January, and after that day, to The Representative Office, No. 25, Great George Street, Westminster.

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HISTORY OF THE PRESENT REIGN.

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